them out, and with a Trey for the purpose, see you turne the heapes over, and leave not a tainted apple in them, dividing the hardest by themselves, and the broken skinned by themselves to be first spent, and the rotten ones to be cast away; & ever as you turne them: & pick them, under-lay them with fresh straw: thus shall you keep them safe for your use, which otherwise would rot suddenly.

Times of stirring fruit.

Pippins, Iohn Apples, Peare-maines, and such like long lasting fruit, need not to be turned till the week before *Christmas*, unlesse they be mixt with other of a riper kinde, or that the fallings be also with them, or much of of the first straw left amongst them: the next time of turning is at *Shrove-tide*, and after that, once a moneth till *Whitsontide*; and after that, once a fortnight; and ever in the turning, lay your heapes lower and lower, and your straw very thinne: provided you doe none of this labour in any great frost, except it be in a close Celler. At every thaw, all fruit is moyst, and then they must not be touched: neither in rainy weather, for then they will be danke also: and therefore at such seasons it is good to set open your windowes, and doores, that the ayre may have free passage to dry them, as at nine of the clocke in the fore-noone, in Winter; and at sixe in the fore-noone, and at eight at night in Summer: onely in *March*, open not your windowes at all.

All lasting fruit, after the middest of *May*, beginne to wither, because then they waxe dry, and the moysture gone, which made them looke plumpe: they must needs wither, and be smaller; and nature decaying, they must needes rot. And thus much touching the ordering of fruits.

FINIS.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE RICH IEVV OF *MALTA*.

AS IT WAS PLAYD BEFORE THE KING AND QVEENE, IN HIS MAJESTIES Theatre at *White-Hall*, by her Majesties Servants at the *Cock-pit*.

Written by CHRISTOPHER MARLO.

Printed by *I. B.* for *Nicholas Vavasour*, and are to be sold at his Shop in the Inner-Temple, neere the Church. 1633.

MAGNA CHARTA

OR

THE PRIVILEDGES

OF MALTA

AS IT WAS PLAYD

BEFORE THE KING AND

QUEENS MAJESTIES

AT WHITE-HALL, By her Majesties

Servants, the Children of

the Revels.

Written by CHRISTOPHER MARLO.

Printed by I. B. for Arthur Johnson, and are to be sold
at his Shop in the Inner-Temple, neere the
Church. 1633.

TO MY VVORTHY FRIEND, Mr. THOMAS HIMMON, OF GRAYES INNE, &c.

THis Play, composed by so worthy an Authour as Mr. *Marlo*; and the part of the Jew presented by so vnimitable an Actor as Mr. *Allin*, being in this later Age commended to the Stage: As I vsher'd it vnto the Court, and presented it to the Cock-pit, with these Prologues and Epilogues here inserted, so now being newly brought to the Presse, I was loath it should be published without the ornament of an Epistle; making choyce of you vnto whom to deuote it; then whom (of all those Gentlemen and acquaintance, within the compasse of my long knowledge) there is none more able to taxe Ignorance

Ignorance, or attribute right to merit. Sir, you have bin pleased to grace some of mine owne workes with your curteous patronage; I hope this will not be the worse accepted, because commended by mee; over whom, none can clayme more power or priuiledge than your selfe. I had no better a New-yeares gift to present you with; receiue it therefore as a continuance of that inuiolable obliegement, by which, he rests still ingaged; who as he euer hath, shall alwayes remaine,

Your seruant

THO. HEYWOOD.

The

The Prologue spoken at Court.

GRacious and Great, that we so boldly dare,
('Mongst other Playes that now in fashion are)
To present this; worn many yeares agone,
And in that Age, thought second vnto none;
We humbly crave your pardon: we pursue
The story of a rich and famous Iew
Who liu'd in Malta: you shall find him still,
In all his parts, a sound Macheuill;
And that's his Character: He that hath past
So many Censures, is now come at last
To haue you princely Eares; grace you him; then
You crown the Action, and renowne the pen.

Epilogue.

IT is our feare (dread Soueraigne) we haue bin
Too tedious; neither can't be lesse than sinne
To wrong your Princely patience. If we haue,
(Thus low dejected) we your pardon craue.
And if ought here offend your eare or sight,
We onely Act, and Speake, what others write.

The

The Prologue to the Stage, at the Cocke-pit.

WHat, but by the best of * Poets in that age,
The Maltа-Jew had being, and was writ?
* Mario. And He, then by the best of * Actors play'd:
* Allin. In Hero and Leander, one did gaine
A lasting memorie: in Tamberlaine,
This Jew, with others many, th'other wan
The Attribute of peereleſſe, being a man
Whom we may ranke with (doing no one wrong)
Proteus for ſhapes, and Roſcius for a tongue,
So could he ſpeake, ſo vary; not a part
To merit: in * him who doth perſonate
* Perkins. Our Jew this day, nor is it his ambition
To exceed, or equall, being of condition
More modeſt; this is all that he intends,
(And that too, at the inſtance of ſome friends)
To proue his beſt, and if none here gaine-ſay it,
The part he hath ſtudied, and intends to play it.

Epilogue.

IN Graving, with Pigmalion to contend;
Or Painting, with Apelles; doubtleſſe the end
Muſt be diſgrace: our Actor did not ſo,
He onely aym'd to pleaſe, but not out-go.
Nor thinke that this day any prize was plaid,
Here were no betts at all, no wagers laid;
All the ambition that his mind doth ſwell,
Is but to heare from you, (by me) 'twas well.

THE IEW OF MALTA.

Machevil.

ALbeit the world thinke *Machevill* is dead,
Yet was his soule but flowne beyond the *Alpes*,
And now the *Guise* is dead, is come from *France*
To view this Land, and frolicke with his friends.
To some perhaps my name is odious,
But such as loue me, gard me from their tongues,
And let them know that I am *Machevill*,
And weigh not men, and therefore not mens words:
Admir'd I am of those that hate me most.
Though some speake openly against my bookes,
Yet will they reade me, and thereby attaine
To *Peters* Chayre: And when they cast me off,
Are poyson'd by my climbing followers.
I count Religion but a childish Toy,
And hold there is no sinne but Ignorance.
Birds of the Aire will tell of murders past:
I am asham'd to heare such fooleries:
Many will talke of Title to a Crowne:
What right had *Cæsar* to the Empire?
Might first made Kings, and Lawes were then most sure
When like the *Draconis* they were writ in blood.

Hence comes it, that a strong built Citadell
Commands much more then letters can import:
Which maxime had *Phaleris* obseru'd,
H'had neuer bellowed in a brasen Bull
Of great ones enuy; o'th poore petty wites,
Let me be enuy'd and not pitied!
But whither am I bound, I come not, I,
To reade a lecture here in *Britaine*,
But to present the Tragedy of a Iew,
Who smiles to see how full his bags are cramb'd
Which mony was, not got without my meanes.
I craue but this, Grace him as he deserues,
And let him not be entertain'd the worse
Because he fauours me.

Enter Barabas in his Counting-house, with heapes of gold before him.

Iew, So that of thus much that returne was made:
And of the third part of the *Persian* ships,
There was the venture summ'd and satisfied.
As for those *Samintes*, and the men of * Act*,
That bought my *Spanish* Oyles, and Wines of *Greece*,
Here haue I purst their paltry siluerlings.
Fye; what a trouble tis to count this trash.
Well fare the *Arabians*, who so richly pay,
The things they traffique for with wedge of gold,
Whereof a man may easily in a day
Tell that which may maintaine him all his life.
The needy groome that neuer fingred groat,
Would make a miracle of thus much coyne:
But he whose steele-bard coffers are cramb'd full,
And all his life time hath bin tired,
Wearying his fingers ends with telling it,
Would in his age be loath to labour so,
And for a pound to sweat himselfe to death:
Giue me the Merchants of the *Indian* Mynes,
That trade in mettall of the pureſt mould;
The wealthy *Moore*, that in the *Easterne* rockes

Without

Without controule can picke his riches vp,
And in his house heape pearle like pibble-stones:
Receiue them free, and sell them by the weight,
Bags of fiery *Opals*, *Sapphires*, *Amaciſts*,
Iacints, hard *Topas*, grasse-greene *Emeraulds*,
Beauteous *Rubyes*, sparkling *Diamonds*,
And seildsene costly stones of so great price,
As one of them indifferently rated,
And of a Carrect of this quantity,
May serue in perill of calamity
To ransome great Kings from captiuity.
This is the ware wherein consists my wealth:
And thus me thinkes should men of iudgement frame
Their meanes of traffique from the vulgar trade,
And as their wealth increaseth, so inclose
Infinite riches in a little roome.
But now how stands the wind?
Into what corner peeres my *Halcions* bill?
Ha, to the *East*? yes: See how stands the Vanes?
East and by-*South*: why then I hope my ships
I sent for *Egypt* and the bordering Iles
Are gotten vp by *Nilus* winding bankes:
Mine Argosie from *Alexandria*,
Loaden with Spice and Silkes, now vnder saile,
Are smoothly gliding downe by *Candie* shoare
To *Malta*, through our Mediterranean sea.
But who comes heare? How now.

Enter a Merchant.

Mereh. *Barabas*, thy ships are safe,
Riding in *Malta* Rhode: And all the Merchants
With other Merchandize are safe arriu'd,
And haue sent me to know whether your selfe
Will come and custome them.

Iew. The ships are safe thou saist, and richly fraught.

Mereh. They are.

Iew. VVhy then goe bid them come ashore,
And bring with them their bils of entry:

I hope our credit in the Customehouse
Will serue as well as I were present there.
Goe send 'vm threescore Camels, thirty Mules,
And twenty Waggons to bring vp the ware.
But art thou master in a ship of mine,
And is thy credit not enough for that?

Merch. The very Custome barely comes to more
Then many Merchants of the Towne are worth,
And therefore farre exceeds my credit, Sir.

Iew. Goe tell 'em the Iew of *Malta* sent thee, man:
Tush, who amongst 'em knowes not *Barrabas*?

Merch. I goe.

Iew. So then, there's somewhat come.
Sirra, which of my ships art thou Master off?

Merch. Of the *Speranza*, Sir.

Iew. And saw'st thou not mine Argosie at *Alexandria*?
Thou couldst not come from *Egypt*, or by Caire
But at the entry there into the sea,
Where *Nilus* payes his tribute to the maine,
Thou needs must saile by *Alexandria*.

Merch. I neither saw them, nor inquir'd of them.
But this we heard some of our sea-men say,
They wondred how you durst with so much wealth
Trust such a crazed Vessell, and so farre.

Iew. Tush; they are wise, I know her and her strength:
By goe, goe thou thy wayes, discharge thy Ship,
And bid my Factor bring his loading in.
And yet I wonder at this Argosie.

Enter a second Merchant.

2. *Merch.* Thine Argosie from *Alexandria*,
Know *Barabas* doth ride in *Malta* Rhode.
Laden with riches, and exceeding store
Of *Persian* silkes, of gold, and Orient Perle:

Iew. How chance you came not with those other ships
That saild by *Egypt*?

2 *Merch.* Sir we saw 'em not.

Iew. Belike they coasted round by *Candie* shoare

About their Oyles, or other businesses.
But 'twas ill done of you to come so farre
Without the ayd or conduct of their ships.
2. *Merch.* Sir, we were wafted by a Spanish Fleet
That neuer left vs till within a league,
That had the Gallies of the *Turke* in chase.
Iew. Oh they were going vp to *Sicily*: well, goe
And bid the Merchants and my men dispatch
And come ashore, and see the fraught discharg'd.
Merch. I goe. *Exit.*
Iew. Thus trowles our fortune in by land and Sea,
And thus are wee on euery side inrich'd:
These are the Blessings promis'd to the Iewes,
And herein was old *Abrams* happinesse:
What more may Heaven doe for earthly man
Then thus to powre out plenty in their laps,
Ripping the bowels of the earth for them,
Making the Sea their seruants, and the winds
To driue their substance with successefull blasts?
Who hateth me but for my happinesse?
Or who is honour'd now but for his wealth?
Rather had I a Iew be hated thus,
Then pittied in a Christian pouerty:
For I can see no fruits in all their faith,
But malice, falshood, and excessiue pride,
Which me thinkes fits not their profession.
Happily some hapless man hath conscience,
And for his conscience liues in beggery.
They say we are a scatter'd Nation:
I cannot tell, but we haue scambled vp
More wealth by farre then those that brag of faith.
There's *Kirriah Iairim*, the great Iew of *Greece*,
Obed in *Bairseth*, *Nones* in *Portugall*,
My selfe in *Malta*, some in *Italy*,
Many in *France*, and wealthy euery one:
I, wealthier farre then any Christian.
I must confesse we come not to be Kings:

That's not our fault: Alas, our number's few,
And Crownes come either by succession
Or vrg'd by force; and nothing violent,
Oft haue I heard tell, can be permanent.
Giue vs a peacefull rule, make Christians Kings,
That thirst so much for Principality.
I haue no charge, nor many children,
But one sole Daughter, whom I hold as deare
As *Agamemnon* did his *Iphigen*:
And all I haue is hers. But who comes here?

Enter three Iewes.

1. Tush, tell not me 'twas done of policie.
2. Come therefore let vs goe to *Barrabas*;
For he can counsell best in these affaires;
And here he comes.

Iew. Why how now Countrymen?
Why flocke you thus to me in multitudes?
What accident's betided to the Iewes?

1. A Fleet of warlike Gallyes, *Barabas*,
Are come from *Turkey*, and lye in our Rhode:
And they this day sit in the Counsell-house
To entertaine them and their Embassie.

Iew. Why let 'em come, so they come not to warre;
Or let 'em warre, so we be conquerors:
Nay, let 'em combat, conquer, and kill all, *Aside.*
So they spare me, my daughter, and my wealth.

1. Were it for confirmation of a League,
They would not come in warlike manner thus.

2. I feare their comming will afflict vs all.

Iew. Fond men, what dreame you of their multitudes?
What need they treat of peace that are in league?
The *Turkes* and those of *Malta* are in league.
Tut, tut, there is some other matter in't.

1. Why, *Barabas*, they come for peace or warre.

Iew. Happily for neither, but to passe along
Towards *Venice* by the *Adriatick* Sea;
With whom they haue attempted many times,

But

But neuer could effect their Stratagem.
3. And very wisely sayd, it may be so.
2. But there's a meeting in the Senate-house,
And all the Iewes in *Malta* must be there.
Iew. Vmh; All the Iewes in *Malta* must be there?
I, like enough, why then let euery man
Prouide him, and be there for fashion-sake.
If any thing shall there concerne our state
Assure your selues I'le looke vnto my selfe. *aside.*
1. I know you will; well brethren let vs goe.
2. Let's take our leaues; Farewell good *Barabas.*
Iew. Doe so; Farewell *Zaareth*, farewell *Temainte.*
And *Barabas* now search this secret out.
Summon thy sences, call thy wits togethre:
These silly men mistake the matter cleane.
Long to the *Turke* did *Malta* contribute;
Which Tribute all in policie, I feare,
The *Turkes* haue let increase to such a summe,
As all the wealth of *Malta* cannot pay;
And now by that aduantage thinkes, belike,
To seize vpon the Towne: I, that he seekes:
How ere the world goe, I'le make sure for one,
And seeke in time to intercept the worst,
Warily garding that which I ha got.
Ego mihimet sum semper proximus.
Why let 'em enter, let 'em take the Towne.

Enter Gouernors of Malta, Knights met by Bassoes of the Turke; Calymath.

Gouer. Now Bassoes, what demand you at our hands?
Bass. Know Knights of Malta, that we came from *Rhodes*
From *Cyprus*, *Candy*, and those other Iles
That lye betwixt the Mediterranean seas.
Gou. What's *Cyprus*, *Candy*, and those other Iles
To vs, or *Malta*? What at our hands demand ye?
Calym. The ten yeares tribute that remaines vnpaid.
Gou. Alas, my Lord, the summe is ouergreat,
I hope your Highnesse will consider vs.

Calym.

Calim. I wish, graue Gouernours 'twere in my power
To fauour you, but 'tis my fathers cause,
Wherein I may not, nay I dare not dally.
Gou. Then giue vs leaue, great *Selim-Calymath.*
Caly. Stand all aside, and let the Knights determine,
And send to keepe our Gallies vnder-saile,
For happily we shall not tarry here:
Now Gouernours how are you resolu'd?
Gou. Thus: Since your hard conditions are such
That you will needs haue ten yeares tribute past,
We may haue time to make collection
Amongst the Inhabitants of *Malta* for't,
Bass. That's more then is in our Commission.
Caly. What Callapine a little curtesie.
Let's know their time, perhaps it is not long;
And 'tis more Kingly to obtaine by peace
Then to enforce conditions by constraint.
What respit aske you Gouernours?
Gou. But a month.
Caly. We grant a month, but see you keep your promise.
Now lanch our Gallies backe againe to Sea,
VVhere wee'll attend the respit you haue tane,
And for the mony send our messenger.
Farewell great Gouernors, and braue Knights of *Malta.*
Exeunt.
Gou. And all good fortune wait on *Calymath.*
Goe one and call those Iewes of *Malta* hither:
VVere they not summon'd to appeare to day.
Officer. They were, my Lord, and here they come.
Enter Barabas, and three Iewes.
1 *Knight.* Haue you determin'd what to say to them?
Gou. Yes, giue me leaue, and *Hebrwes* now come neare.
From the Emperour of *Turkey* is arriu'd
Great *Selim-Calymath*, his Highnesse sonne,
To leuie of vs ten yeares tribute past,
Now then here know that it concerneth vs:
Bar. Then good my Lord, to keepe your quiet still,

Your

Your Lordſhip ſhall doe well to let them haue it.
Gov. Soft *Barabas*, there's more longs too't than ſo.
To what this ten yeares tribute will amount
That we haue caſt, but cannot compaſſe it
By reaſon of the warres, that robb'd our ſtore;
And therefore are we to requeſt your ayd.
Bar. Alas, my Lord, we are no ſouldiers:
And what's our aid againſt ſo great a Prince?
1 *Kni.* Tut, Iew, we know thou art no ſouldier;
Thou art a Merchant, and a monied man,
And 'tis thy mony, *Barabas*, we ſeeke.
Bar. How, my Lord, my mony?
Gov. Thine and the reſt.
For to be ſhort, amongſt you 'tmuſt be had,
Iew. Alas, my Lord, the moſt of vs are poore!
Gov. Then let the rich increaſe your portions:
Bar. Are ſtrangers with your tribute to be tax'd?
2 *Kni.* Haue ſtrangers leaue with vs to get their wealth?
Then let them with vs contribute.
Bar. How, equally?
Gov. No, Iew, like infidels.
For through our ſufferance of your hatefull liues,
Who ſtand accurſed in the ſight of heauen,
Theſe taxes and afflictions are befal'ne,
And therefore thus we are determined;
Reade there the Articles of our decrees.
Reader. Firſt, the tribute mony of the *Turkes* ſhall all be
Leuyed amongſt the *Iewes*, and each of them to pay one
Halfe of his eſtate.
Bar. How, halfe his eſtate? I hope you meane not mine?
Gov. Read on.
Read. Secondly, hee that denies to pay, ſhal ſtraight be-(come
A Chriſtian.
Bar. How a Chriſtian? Hum, what's here to doe?
Read. Laſtly, he that denies this, ſhall abſolutely loſe al he has.
All 3 Iewes. Oh my Lord we will giue halfe.
Bar. Oh earth-metall'd villaines, and no *Hebrews* born!

And

And will you basely thus submit your selues
To leaue your goods to their arbitrament?
Gov. Why *Barabas* wilt thou be christned?
Bar. No, Gouernour, I will be no conuertite.
Gov. Then pay thy halfe.
Bar. Why know you what you did by this deuice?
Halfe of my substance is a Cities wealth.
Governour, it was not got so easily;
Nor will I part so slightly therewithall.
Gov. Sir, halfe is the penalty of our decree,
Either pay that, or we will seize on all.
Bar. *Corpo di deo*; stay, you shall haue halfe,
Let me be vs'd but as my brethren are.
Gov. No, Iew, thou hast denied the Articles,
And now it cannot be recall'd.
Bar. Will you then steale my goods?
Is theft the ground of your Religion?
Gov. No, Iew, we take particularly thine,
To saue the ruine of a multitude:
And better one want for a common good,
Then many perish for a priuate man:
Yet *Barrabas* we will not banish thee,
But here in *Malta*, where thou got'st thy wealth,
Liue still; and if thou canst, get more.
Bar. Christians; what, or how can I multiply?
Of nought is nothing made.
Knight. From nought at first thou camst to little wealth,
From little vnto more, from more to most:
If your first curse fall heauy on thy head,
And make thee poore and scorn'd of all the world,
'Tis not our fault, but thy inherent sinne.
Bar. What? bring you Scripture to confirm your wrongs?
Preach me not out of my possessions.
Some Iewes are wicked, as all Christians are:
But say the Tribe that I descended of
Were all in generall cast away for sinne,
Shall I be tryed by their transgression?

The man that dealeth righteously shall liue:
And which of you can charge me otherwise?
Gov. Out wretched *Barabas*, sham'st thou not thus
To iustifie thy selfe, as if we knew not
Thy profession? If thou rely vpon thy righteousnesse,
Be patient and thy riches will increase.
Excesse of wealth is cause of couetousnesse:
And couetousnesse, oh 'tis a monstrous sinne.
Bar. I, but theft is worse: tush, take not from me then,
For that is theft; and if you rob me thus,
I must be forc'd to steale and compasse more.
1 *Kni.* Graue Gouernors, list not to his exclames:
Conuert his mansion to a Nunnery, *Exeunt Officers.*
His house will harbour many holy Nunns.
Gov. It shall be so: now Officers haue you done?
Offic. I, my Lord, we haue seiz'd vpon the goods
And wares of *Barabas*, which being valued
Amount to more then all the wealth in *Malta*.
And of the other we haue seized halfe.
Then wee'll take order for the residue.
Bar. Well then my Lord, say, are you satisfied?
You haue my goods, my money, and my wealth,
My ships, my store, and all that I enioy'd;
And hauing all, you can request no more;
Vnlesse your vnrelenting flinty hearts
Suppresse all pitty in your stony breasts,
And now shall moue you to bereaue my life.
Gov. No, *Barabas*, to staine our hands with blood
Is farre from vs and our profession.
Bar. Why I effecme the iniury farre lesse,
To take the liues of miserable men,
Then be the causers of their misery.
You haue my wealth the labour of my life,
The comfort of mine age, my childrens hope,
And therefore ne're distinguish of the wrong.
Gov. Content thee, *Barabas*, thou hast nought but right.
Bar. Your extreme right does me exceeding wrong:

But

But take it to you i'th deuils name.
Gov. Come, let vs in, and gather of these goods
The mony for this tribute of the *Turke*.
1 *Knight*, 'Tis necessary that be look'd vnto:
For if we breake our day, we breake the league,
And that will proue but simple policie. *Exeunt.*
Bar. I, policie? that's their profession,
And not simplicity, as they suggest.
The plagues of *Egypt*, and the curse of heauen,
Earths barrennesse, and all mens hatred
Inflict vpon them, thou great *Primus Motor*.
And here vpon my knees, striking the earth,
I banne their soules to euerlasting paines
And extreme tortures of the fiery deepe,
That thus haue dealt with me in my distresse.
1 *Iew.* Oh yet be patient, gentle *Barabas*.
Bar. Oh silly brethren, borne to see this day!
Why stand you thus vnmou'd with my laments?
Why weepe you not to thinke vpon my wrongs?
Why pine not I, and dye in this distresse?
1 *Iew.* Why, *Barabas*, as hardly can we brooke
The cruell handling of our selues in this:
Thou seest they haue taken halfe our goods.
Bar. Why did you yeeld to their extortion?
You were a multitude, and I but one,
And of me onely haue they taken all.
1 *Iew.* Yet brother *Barabas* remember *Iob*.
Bar. What tell you me of *Iob*? I wot his wealth
Was written thus: he had seuen thousand sheepe,
Three thousand Camels, and two hundred yoake
Of labouring Oxen, and fiue hundred
Shee Asses: but for euery one of those,
Had they beene valued at indifferent rate,
I had at home, and in mine Argosie
And other ships that came from *Egypt* last,
As much as would haue bought his beasts and him,
And yet haue kept enough to liue vpon;

So that not he, but I may curse the day,
Thy fatall birth-day, forlorne *Barabas*:
And henceforth wish for an eternall night,
That clouds of darkenesse may inclose my flesh,
And hide these extreme sorrowes from mine eyes:
For onely I haue toyl'd to inherit here
The months of vanity and losse of time,
And painefull nights haue bin appointed me.

2 *Iew.* Good *Barabas* be patient.

Bar. I, I pray leave me in my patience.
You that were ne're possest of wealth, are pleas'd with (want.
But giue him liberty at least to mourne,
That in a field amidst his enemies,
Doth see his souldiers slaine, himselfe disarm'd,
And knowes no meanes of his recouerie:
I, let me sorrow for this suddenchance,
'Tis in the trouble of my spirit I speake:
Great iniuries are not so soone forgot.

1 *Iew.* Come, let vs leaue him in his irefull mood,
Our words will but increase his extasie.

2 *Iew.* On then: but trust me 'tis a misery
To see a man in such affliction:
Farewell *Barabas*. *Exeunt.*

Bar. I, fare you well.
See the simplicitie of these base slaues,
Who for the villaines haue no wit themselues,
Thinke me to be a senselesse lumpe of clay
That will with euery water wash to dirt:
No, *Barabas* is borne to better chance,
And fram'd of finer mold then common men,
That measure nought but by the present time.
A reaching thought will search his deepest wits,
And cast with cunning for the time to come:
For euils are apt to happen euery day
But whither wends my beauteous *Abigall?*

Enter Abigall the Iewes daughter.

Oh what has made my louely daughter sad?
What,

What? woman, moane not for a little losse:
Thy father has enough in store for thee.
Abig. Not for my selfe, but aged *Barabas*:
Father, for thee lamenteth *Abigaile*:
But I will learne to leaue these fruitlesse teares.
And vrg'd thereto with my afflictions,
With fierce exclaimes run to the Senate-house,
And in the Senate reprehend them all,
And rent their hearts with tearing of my haire,
Till they reduce the wrongs done to my father.
Bar. No, *Abigail*, things past recouery
Are hardly cur'd with exclamations.
Be silent, Daughter, sufferance breeds ease,
And time may yeeld vs an occasion
Which on the sudden cannot serue the turne.
Besides, my girle, thinke me not all so fond
As negligently to forgoe so much
Without prouision for thy selfe and me.
Ten thousand *Portagues*, besides great Perles,
Rich costly Iewels, and Stones infinite,
Fearing the worst of this before it fell,
I closely hid.
Abig. Where father?
Bar. In my house my girle.
Abig. Then shall they ne're be seene of *Barrabas*:
For they haue seiz'd vpon thy house and wares.
Bar. But they will giue me leaue once more, I trow,
To goe into my house.
Abig. That may they not:
For there I left the Gouernour placing Nunnes,
Displacing me; and of thy house they meane
To make a Nunnery, where none but their owne sect
Must enter in; men generally barr'd.
Bar. My gold, my gold, and all my wealth is gone.
You partiall heauens, haue I deseru'd this plague?
What will you thus oppose me, luckless Starres,
To make me desperate in my pouerty?

And

And knowing me impatient in distresse
Thinke me so mad as I will hang my selfe,
That I may vanish ore the earth in ayre,
And leaue no memory that e're I was.
No, I will liue; nor loath I this my life:
And since you leaue me in the Ocean thus
To sinke or swim, and put me to my shifts,
I'le rouse my senses, and awake my selfe.
Daughter, I haue it: thou perceiu'st the plight
Wherein these Christians haue oppressed me:
Be rul'd by me, for in extremitie
We ought to make barre of no policie.
Abig. Father, what e're it be to iniure them
That haue so manifestly wronged vs,
What will not *Abigall* attempt?
Bar. Why so; then thus, thou toldst me they haue turn'd (my house
Into a Nunnery, and some Nuns are there.
Abig. I did.
Bar. Then *Abigall*, there must my girle
Intreat the Abbasse to be entertain'd.
Abig. How, as a Nunne?
Bar. I, Daughter, for Religion
Hides many mischiefes from suspition.
Abig. I, but father they will suspect me there.
Bar. Let 'em suspect, but be thou so precise
As they may thinke it done of Holinesse.
Intreat 'em faire, and giue them friendly speech,
And seeme to them as if thy sinnes were great,
Till thou hast gotten to be entertain'd.
Abig. Thus father shall I much dissemble.
Bar. Tush, as good dissemble that thou neuer mean'st
As first meane truth, and then dissemble it,
A counterfet profession is better
Then vnseene hypocrisie.
Abig. Well father, say I be entertain'd,
What then shall follow?
Bar. This shall follow then;

There haue I hid close underneath the plancke
That runs along the vpper chamber floore,
The gold and Iewels which I kept for thee.
But here they come; be cunning *Abigall.*
Abig. Then father goe with me.
Bar. No, *Abigall*, in this
It is not necessary I be seene.
For I will seeme offended with thee for't.
Be close, my girle, for this must fetch my gold.

Enter three Fryars and two Nuns.

1 *Fry.* Sisters, we now are almost at the new made Nunnery.
1 *Nun.* The better; for we loue not to be seene:
'Tis 30 winters long since some of vs
Did stray so farre amongst the multitude.
1 *Fry.* But, Madam, this house
And waters of this new made Nunnery
Will much delight you:
Nun. It may be so: but who comes here?
Abig. Graue Abbasse, and you happy Virgins guide,
Pitty the state of a distressed Maid.
Abb. What art thou daughter?
Abig. The hopelesse daughter of a hapelesse Iew,
The Iew of *Malta*, wretched *Barabas*;
Sometimes the owner of a goodly house,
Which they haue now turn'd to a Nunnery.
Abb. Well, daughter, say, what is thy suit with vs?
Abig. Fearing the afflictions which my father feeles,
Proceed from sinne, or want of faith in vs,
I'de passe away my life in penitence,
And be a Nouice in your Nunnery,
To make attonement for my labouring soule.
1. *Fry.* No doubt, brother, but this proceedeth of the spirit.
2 *Fry.* I, and of a moving spirit too, brother; but come,
Let vs intreat she may be entertain'd.
Abb. Well, daughter, we admit you for a Nun.
Abig. First let me as a Novice learne to frame
My solitary life to your streight lawes,

And let me lodge where I was wont to lye,
I doe not doubt by your diuine precepts
And mine owne industry, but to profit much.
Bar. As much I hope as all I hid is worth. *Aside.*
Abb. Come daughter, follow vs.
Bar. Why how now *Abigall*, what mak'st thou
Amongst these hateful Christians?
1 *Fry.* Hinder her not, thou man of little faith,
For she has mortified her selfe.
Bar. How, mortified!
1 *Fry.* And is admitted to the Sister-hood.
Bar. Child of perdition, and thy fathers shame,
What wilt thou doe among these hatefull fiends?
I charge thee on my blessing that thou leaue
These diuels, and their damned heresie.
Abig. Father giue me ——
Bar. Nay backe, *Abigall*, *whispers*
And thinke vpon the Iewels and the gold. *so low.*
The boord is marked thus that couers it.
Away accursed from thy fathers sight.
1 *Fry.* *Barabas*, although thou art in mis-beleefe,
And wilt not see thine owne affliction,
Yet let thy daughter be no longer blinde.
Bar. Blind, Fryer, I wreake not thy perswasions.
The boord is marked thus † that couers it.
For I had rather dye, then see her thus
Wilt thou forsake me too in my distresse,
Seduced Daughter, *Goe forget me.*
Becomes it Iewes to be so credulous,
To morrow early Ile be at the doore. *Aside to her.*
No come not at me, if thou wilt be damned,
Forget me, see me not, and so farewell. *Aside.*
Farewell, Remember to morrow morning.
Out, out thou wretch.

Enter Machias.

Mach. Whose this? Faire *Abigall* the rich Iewes daugh-ter
Become a Nun, her fathers sudden fall Hath

Has humbled her and brought her downe to this:
Tut, she were fitter for a tale of loue
Then to be tired out with Orizons:
And better would she farre become a bed
Embraced in a friendly louers armes,
Then rise at midnight to a solemne masse.

Enter Lodowicke.

Lod. Why how now Don *Mathias*, in a dump?
Math. Beleeue me, Noble *Lodwicke*, I haue seene
The strangest sight, in my opinion,
That euer I beheld.
Lod. What wast I prethe?
Math. A faire young maid scarce 14 yeares of age,
The sweetest flower in *Cisbered's* field,
Cropt from the pleasures of the fruitfull earth,
And strangely metamorphis'd Nun.
Lod. But say, What was shee?
Math. Why the rich Iewes daughter.
Lod. What *Barabas*, whose goods were lately seiz'd?
Is she so faire?
Math. And matchlesse beautifull;
As had you seene her 'twould haue mou'd your heart,
Tho countermin'd with walls of brasse, to loue,
Or at the least to pitty.
Lod. And if she be so faire as you report,
'Twere time well spent to goe and visit her:
How say you, shall we?
Math. I must and will, Sir, there's no remedy.
Lod. And so will I too, or it shall goe hard.
Farewell *Mathias*.
Math. Farewell *Lodowicke*.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Barabas with a light.

Bar. THus like the sad presaging Rauen that tolls
The sicke mans passeport in her hollow beake,
And in the shadow of the silent night
Doth shake contagion from her sable wings;
Vex'd and tormented runnes poore *Barabas*
With fatall curses towards these Christians.
The incertaine pleasures of swift-footed time
Haue tane their flight, and left me in despaire;
And of my former riches rests no more
But bare remembrance; like a Souldiers skarre,
That has no further comfort for his maime.
Oh thou that with a fiery piller led'st
The sonnes of *Israel* through the dismall shades,
Light *Abrahams* off-spring; and direct the hand
Of *Abigall* this night; or let the day
Turne to eternall darkenesse after this:
No sleepe can fasten on my watchfull eyes,
Nor quiet enter my distemper'd thoughts,
Till I haue answer of my *Abigal*.

Enter Abigal aboue.

Abig. Now haue I happily espy'd a time
To search the plancke my father did appoint;
And here behold (vnseene) where I haue found
The gold, the perles, and Iewels which he hid.
Bar. Now I remember those old womens words,
Who in my wealth would tell me winters tales,
And speake of spirits and ghosts that glide by night
About the place where Treasure hath bin hid:
And now me thinkes that I am one of those:
For whilst I liue, heere lies my soules sole hope,
And when I dye, heere shall my spirit walke.
Abig. Now that my fathers fortune were so good

As but to be about this happy place;
'Tis not so happy: yet when we parted last,
He said he wud attend me in the morne.
Then, gentle sleepe, where e're his bodie rests,
Gi ve charge to *Morpheus* that he may dreame
A golden dreame, and of the sudden walke,
Come and receiue the Treasure I haue found.
Bar. Birn para todos, my ganada mucr:
As good goe on, as sit so sadly thus,
But stay, what starre shines yonder in the *East?*
The Loadstarre of my life, if *Abigall.*
Who's there?
Abig. Who's that?
Bar. Peace, *Abigal*, 'tis I.
Abig. Then father here receiue thy happinesse.
Bar. Hast thou't? *Throwes downe bags.*
Abig. Here,
Hast thou't?
There's more, and more, and more.
Bar. Oh my girle,
My gold, my fortune, my felicity;
Strength to my soule, death to mine enemy:
Welcome the first beginner of my blisse:
Oh *Aigal*, *Abigal*, that I had thee here too,
Then my desires were fully satisfied.
But I will practise thy enlargement thence:
Oh girle, oh gold, oh beauty, oh my blisse! *hugs his bags*
Abig. Father, it drawes towards midnight now,
And 'bout this time the Nuns begin to wake;
To shun suspition, therefore, let vs part.
Bar. Farewell my ioy, and by my fingers take
A kisse from him that sends it from his soule.
Now *Phebus* ope the eye-lids of the day,
And for the Rauen wake the morning Larke,
That I may houer with her in the Ayre:
Singing ore these, as she does ore her young.
Hermoso Pimpe, de los Dauids. *Exeunt*

Enter

Enter Gouernor, Martin del Bosco, the knights.

Gou. Now Captaine tell vs whither thou art bound?
Whence is thy ship that anchors in our Rhoad?
And why thou cam'st ashore without our leaue?
Bosc. Gouernor of *Malta*, hither am I bound;
My Ship, *the flying Dragon*, is of *Spaine*,
And so am I, *Delbosco* is my name;
Vizadmirall vnto the Catholike King.
1 *Kni.* 'Tis true, my Lord, therefore intreat him well.
Bosc. Our fraught is *Grecians*, *Turks*, and *Affrick Moores*.
For late vpon the coast of *Corsica*,
Because we vail'd not to the *Spanish* Fleet,
Their creeping Gallyes had vs in the chase:
But suddenly the wind began to rise,
And then we left, and tooke, and fought at ease:
Some have we fir'd, and many haue we sunke;
But one amongst the rest became our prize:
The Captain's slaine, the rest remaine our slaues,
Of whom we would make sale in *Malta* here.
Gou. *Martin del Bosco*, I haue heard of thee;
Welcome to *Malta*, and to all of vs;
But to admit a sale of these thy *Turkes*
We may not, nay we dare not giue consent
By reason of a Tributary league.
1 *Kni.* *Delbosco*, as thou loueſt and honour'st vs,
Perswade our Gouernor against the *Turke*;
This truce we haue is but in hope of gold,
And with that summe he craues might we wage warre.
Bosc. Will Knights of *Malta* be in league with *Turkes*,
And buy it basely too for summes of gold?
My Lord, Remember that to *Europ's* shame,
The Christian Ile of *Rhodes*, from whence you came,
Was lately lost, and you were stated here
To be at deadly enmity with *Turkes*
Gou. Captaine we know it, but our force is small:
Bosc. What is the summe that *Calymath* requires?
Gou. A hundred thousand Crownes. *Bosco.*

Bosc. My Lord and King hath title to this Isle,
And he meanes quickly to expell you hence;
Therefore be rul'd by me, and keepe the gold:
I'le write vnto his Maiesty for ayd,
And not depart vntill I see you free.
Gov. On this condition shall thy *Turkes* be sold.
Goe Officers and set them straight in shew.
Bosco, thou shalt be *Malta's* Generall;
We and our warlike Knights will follow thee
Against these barbarous mis-beleeuing *Turkes*.
Bosc. So shall you imitate those you succeed:
For when their hideous force inuiron'd *Rhodes*,
Small though the number was that kept the Towne,
They fought it out, and not a man surui'd
To bring the hapelesse newes to Christendome.
Gov. So will we fight it out; come, let's away:
Proud-daring *Calymath*, instead of gold,
Wee'll send the bullets wrapt in smoake and fire:
Claime tribute where thou wilt, we are resolu'd,
Honor is bought with bloud and not with gold. *Exeunt.*

Enter Officers with slaues.

1 *Off.* This is the Market-place, here let 'em stand:
Feare not their sale, for they'll be quickly bought.
2 *Off.* Euery ones price is written on his backe,
And so much must they yeeld or not be sold. *Ent. Bar.*
1 *Off.* Here comes the Iew, had not his goods bin seiz'd,
He'de giue vs present mony for them all.

Enter Barabas.

Bar. In spite of these swine-eating Christians,
(Vnchosen Nation, neuer circumciz'd;
Such as poore villaines were ne're thought vpon
Till *Titus* and *Vespasian* conquer'd vs.)
Am I become as wealthy as I was:
They hop'd my daughter would ha bin a Nun;
But she's at home, and I haue bought a house
As great and faire as is the Gouernors:
And there in spite of *Malta* will I dwell:

Hauing *Fernezes* hand, whose heart I'le haue;
I, and his sonnes too, or it shall goe hard.
I am not of the Tribe of *Levy*, I,
That can so soone forget an iniury.
We Iewes can fawne like Spaniels when we please;
And when we grin we bite, yet are our lookes
As innocent and harmelesse as a Lambes.
I learn'd in *Florence* how to kisse my hand,
Heave vp my shoulders when they call me dogge,
And ducke as low as any bare-foot Fryar,
Hoping to see them starue vpon a stall,
Or else be gather'd for in our Synagogue;
That when the offering-Bason comes to me,
Euen for charity I may spit into't.
Here comes Don *Lodowicke* the Gouernor's sonne,
One that I loue for his good fathers sake.

Enter Lodowicke.

Lod. I heare the wealthy Iew walked this way;
I'le seeke him out, and so insinuate,
That I may haue a sight of *Abigall*;
For Don *Mathias* tels me she is faire.
Bar. Now will I shew my selfe to haue more of the Ser-
Then the Doue; that is, more knaue than foole. (pent
Lod. Yond walks the Iew, now for faire *Abigall*.
Bar. I, I, no doubt but shee's at your command.
Lod. *Barabas*, thou know'st I am the Gouernors sonne.
Bar. I wud you were his father too, Sir, that's al the harm
I wish you: the slaue looks like a hogs cheek new sing'd.
Lod. Whither walk'st thou *Barabas*?
Bar. No further: 'tis a custome held with vs,
That when we speake with *Gentiles* like to you,
We turne into the Ayre to purge our selues:
For vnto vs the Promise doth belong.
Lod. Well, *Barabas*, canst helpe me too a Diamond?
Bar. Oh, Sir, your father had my Diamonds.
Yet I haue one left that will serue your turne:
I meane my daughter:—— but e're he shall haue her

I'le:

I'le sacrifice her on a pile of wood. *aside.*
I ha the poyson of the City for him, and the
White leprosie.
Lod. What sparkle does it give without a foile?
Bar. The Diamond that I talke of, ne'r was foild:
But when he touches it, it will be foild:
Lord *Lodowicke*, it sparkles bright and faire.
Lod. Is it square or pointed, pray let me know.
Bar. Pointed it is, good Sir, —— but not for you. *aside*
Lod. I like is much the better.
Bar. So doe I too.
Lod. How showes it by night?
Bar. Outshines *Cinthia's* rayes:
You'le like it better farre a nights than dayes. *aside.*
Lod. And what's the price?
Bar. Your life and if you haue it. —— Oh my Lord
We will not iarre about the price; come to my house
And I will giu't your honour — with a vengeance. *aside*
Lod. No, *Barabas*, I will deserue it first.
Bar. Good Sir, your father has deseru'd it at my hands,
Who of meere charity and Christian ruth,
To bring me to religious purity,
And as it were in Catechising sort,
To make me mindfull of my mortall sinnes,
Against my will, and whether I would or no,
Seiz'd all I had, and thrust me out a doores,
And made my house a place for Nuns most chast.
Lod. No doubt your soule shall reape the fruit of it.
Bar. I, but my Lord, the harueft is farre off:
And yet I know the prayers of those Nuns
And holy Fryers, hauing mony for their paines,
Are wondrous; *and indeed doe no more good:* *aside.*
And seeing they are not idle, but still doing,
'Tis likely they in time may reape some fruit,
I meane in fulnesse of perfection.
Lod. Good *Barabas* glance not at our holy Nuns.
Bar. No, but I doe it through a burning zeale,

Hoping

Hoping ere long to set the house a fire;
For though they doe a while increase and multiply, aside.
Ile haue a saying to that Nunnery.
As for the Diamond, Sir, I told you of,
Come home and there's no price shall make vs part,
Euen for your Honourable fathers sake.
It shall goe hard but I will see your death. aside.
But now I must be gone to buy a slaue.
Lod. And I, *Barabas*, Ile beare thee company.
Bar. Come then, here's the market place; whats the price
Of this slaue, 200 Crowns? Do the *Turke* weigh so much?
Off. Sir, that's his price.
Bar. What, can he steale that you demand so much?
Belike he has some new tricke for a purse;
And if he has, he is worth 300 plats.
So that, being bought, the Towne-seale might be got
To keepe him for his life time from the gallowes.
The Sessions day is criticall to theeues,
And few or none scape but by being purg'd.
Lod. Rat'st thou this *Moore* but at 200 plats?
1 Off. No more, my Lord.
Bar. Why should this *Turke* be dearer then that *Moore*?
Off. Because he is young and has more qualities.
Bar. What, hast the Philosophers stone? and thou hast,
Breake my head with it, I'le forgiue thee.
Ith. No Sir, I can cut and shaue.
Bar. Let me see, sirra, are you not an old shaver?
Ith. Alas, Sir, I am a very youth.
Bar. A youth? I'le buy you, and marry you to Lady va-
If you doe well. (nity
Ith. I will serue you, Sir.
Bar. Some wicked trick or other. It may be vnder colour
Of shaving, thou'lt cut my throat for my goods.
Tell me, hast thou thy health well?
Ith. I, passing well.
Bar. So much the worse, I must haue one that's sickly;
And he but for sparing victles: 'tis not a stone of beef a day
Will

Will maintaine you in these chops; let me see one
That's somewhat leaner.

1 *Off.* Here's a leaner, how like you him?

Bar. Where was thou borne?

Itha. In *Trace*; brought vp in *Arabia.*

Bar. So much the better, thou art for my turne,
An hundred Crownes, I'le haue him; there's the coyne.

1 *Off.* Then marke him, Sir, and take him hence.

Bar. I, marke him, you were best, for this is he
That by my helpe shall doe much villanie.
My Lord farewell: Come Sirra you are mine.
As for the Diamond it shall be yours;
I pray, Sir, be no stranger at my house,
All that I haue shall be at your command.

Enter Mathias, Mater.

Math. What makes the Iew and *Lodowicke* so priuate?
I feare me, 'tis about faire *Abigall.*

Bar. Yonder comes Don *Mathias*, let vs stay;
He loues my daughter, and she holds him deare:
But I haue sworne to frustrate both their hopes,
And be reveng'd upon the ——Gouernor.

Mater. This Moore is comelieſt, is he not? speake son.

Math. No, this is the better, mother, view this well.

Bar. Seeme not to know me here before your mother
Least she mistrust the match that is in hand:
When you haue brought her home, come to my house;
Thinke of me as thy father; Sonne farewell.

Math. But wherefore talk'd Don *Lodowick* with you?

Bar. Tush man, we talk'd of Diamonds, not of *Abigal,*

Mater. Tell me, *Mathias*, is not that the Iew?

Bar. As for the Comment on the *Masbabees*
I haue it, Sir, and 'tis at your command.

Math. Yes, Madam, and my talke with him was
About the borrowing of a booke or two.

Mater. Conuerse not with him, he is cast off from heauen
Thou hast thy Crownes, fellow, come let's away.

Math. Sirra, Iew, remember the booke.

Bar.

Bar. Marry will I, Sir.
Off. Come, I haue made a reasonable market, let's away:
Bar. Now let me know thy name, and therewithall
Thy birth, condition, and profession.
Ithi. Faith, Sir, my birth is but meane, my name's *Ithimore*,
My profession what you please.
Bar. Hast thou no Trade? then listen to my words,
And I will teach that shall sticke by thee:
First be thou voyd of these affections,
Compassion, loue, vaine hope, and hartlesse feare,
Be mou'd at nothing, see thou pitty none,
But to thy selfe smile when the Christians moane.
Ithi. Oh braue, master, I worship your nose for this.
Bar. As for my selfe, I walke abroad a nights
And kill sicke people groaning vnder walls:
Sometimes I goe about and poyson wells;
And now and then, to cherish Christian theeves,
I am content to lose some of my Crownes;
That I may, walking in my Gallery,
See 'em goe pinion'd along by my doore.
Being young I studied Physicke, and began
To practise first vpon the *Italian*;
There I enrich'd the Priests with burials,
And alwayes kept the Sexton's armes in vre
With digging graues and ringing dead mens knels:
And after that was I an Engineere,
And in the warres 'twixt *France* and *Germanie*,
Vnder pretence of helping *Charles* the fifth,
Slew friend and enemy with my stratagems.
Then after that was I an Vsurer,
And with extorting, cozening, forfeiting,
And tricks belonging vnto Brokery,
I fill'd the Iailes with Bankrouts in a yeare,
And with yong Orphans planted Hospitals,
And euery Moone made some or other mad,
And now and then one hang himselfe for griefe,
Pinning vpon his breast a long great Scrowle How

How I with intereſt tormented him.
But marke how I am bleſt for plaguing them,
I haue as much coyne as will buy the Towne.
But tell me now, How haſt thou ſpent thy time?
Ithi. Faith, Maſter, in ſetting Chriſtian villages on fire,
Chaining of Eunuches, binding gally-ſlaues.
One time I was an Hoſtler in an Inne,
And in the night time ſecretly would I ſteale
To trauellers Chambers, and there cut their throats:
Once at *Ieruſalem*, where the pilgrims kneel'd,
I ſtrowed powder on the Marble ſtones,
And therewithall their knees would rankle, ſo
That I haue laugh'd a good to ſee the cripples
Goe limping home to Chriſtendome on ſtilts.
Bar. Why this is ſomething: make account of me
As of thy fellow; we are villaines both:
Both circumcized, we hate Chriſtians both:
Be true and ſecret, thou ſhalt want no gold.
But ſtand aſide, here comes Don *Lodowicke*.

Enter Lodowicke.

Lod. Oh *Barabas* well met; where is the Diamond
You told me of?
Bar. I haue it for you, Sir; pleaſe you walke in with me:
What, ho, *Abigall*; open the doore I ſay.

Enter Abigall.

Abig. In good time, father, here are letters come
From *Ormus*, and the Poſt ſtayes here within.
Bar. Giue me the letters, daughter, doe you heare?
Entertaine *Lodowicke* the Gouernors ſonne
With all the curteſie you can affoord;
Prouided, that you keepe your Maiden-head.
Vſe him as if he were a *Philiſtine*.
Aſide.
Diſſemble, ſweare, proteſt, vow to loue him,
He is not of the ſeed of Abraham.
I am a little buſie, Sir, pray pardon me.
Abigall, bid him welcome for my ſake.
Abig. For your ſake and his own he is welcome hither.

Bar. Daughter, a word more; kisse him, speake him faire,
And like a cunning Iew so cast about,
That ye be both made sure e're you come out.
Abig. Oh father, Don *Mathias* is my loue.
Bar. I know it: yet I say make loue to him;
Doe, it is requisite it should be so.
Nay on my life it is my Factors hand,
But goe you in, I'le thinke vpon the account:
The account is made, for *Lodowicke* dyes.
My Factor sends me word a Merchant's fled
That owes me for a hundred Tun of Wine:
I weigh it thus much; I haue wealth enough.
For now by this has he kist *Abigall*;
And she vowes loue to him, and hee to her.
As sure as heauen rain'd *Manna* for the Iewes,
So sure shall he and Don *Mathias* dye:
His father was my chiefest enemie.
Whither goes Don *Mathias*? stay a while.

Enter Mathias.

Math. Whither but to my faire loue *Abigall*?
Bar. Thou know'st, and heauen can witnesse it is true,
That I intend my daughter shall be thine.
Math. I, *Barabas*, or else thou wrong'st me much:
Bar. Oh heauen forbid I should haue such a thought.
Pardon me though I weepe; the Gouernors sonne
Will, whether I will or no, haue *Abigall*:
He sends her letters, bracelets, jewels, rings.
Math. Does she receiue them?
Bar. Shee? No, *Mathias*, no, but sends them backe,
And when he comes, she lockes her selfe vp fast;
Yet through the key-hole will he talke to her,
While she runs to the window looking out
When you should come and hale him from the doore.
Math. Oh treacherous *Lodowicke*!
Bar. Euen now as I came home, he slipt me in,
And I am sure he is with *Abigall*.
Math. I'le rouze him thence.

Bar. Not for all *Malta*, therefore sheath your sword;
If you loue me, no quarrels in my house;
But steale you in, and seeme to see him not;
I'le giue him such a warning e're he goes
As he shall haue small hopes of *Abigall*.
Away, for here they come.

Enter Lodowicke. Abigall.

Math. What hand in hand, I cannot suffer this.
Bar. *Mathias*, as thou lou'st me, not a word.
Math. Well, let it passe, another time shall serue.
Exit.

Lod. *Barabas*, is not that the widowes sonne?
Bar. I, and take heed, for he hath sworne your death.
Lod. My death? what is the base borne peasant mad?
Bar. No, no, but happily he stands in feare
Of that which you, I thinke, ne're dreame vpon,
My daughter here, a paltry silly girle.
Lod. Why loues she Don *Mathias*?
Bar. Doth she not with her smiling answer you?
Abig. He has my heart, I smile against my will.
Lod. *Barabas*, thou know'st I haue lou'd thy daughter long.
Bar. And so has she done you, euen from a child.
Lod. And now I can no longer hold my minde.
Bar. Nor I the affection that I beare to you.
Lod. This is thy Diamond, tell me, shall I haue it?
Bar. Win it, and weare it, it is yet vnsoyl'd.
Oh but I know your Lordship wud disdaine
To marry with the daughter of a Iew:
And yet I'le giue her many a golden crosse
With Christian posies round about the ring.
Lod. 'Tis not thy wealth, but her that I esteeme,
Yet craue I thy consent.
Bar. And mine you haue, yet let me talke to her;
This off-spring of *Cain*, this *Iebusite*
That neuer tasted of the *Passouer*,
Nor e're shall see the land of *Canaan*,

Nor

Nor our *Messias* that is yet to come,
This gentle Magot *Lodowicke* I meane, *aside.*
Must be deluded: let him haue thy hand,
But keepe thy heart till Don *Mathias* comes.
Abig. What shall I be betroth'd to *Lodowicke*?
Bar. It's no sinne to deceiue a Christian;
For they themselues hold it a principle,
Faith is not to be held with Heretickes;
But all are Hereticks that are not Iewes;
This follow'es well, and therefore daughter feare not.
I haue intreated her, and she will grant.
Lod. Then gentle *Abigal* plight thy faith to me.
Abig. I cannot chuse, seeing my father bids;
Nothing but death shall part my loue and me.
Lod. Now haue I that for which my soule hath long'd. *aside.*
Bar. So haue not I, but yet I hope I shall.
Abig. Oh wretched *Abigal*, what hast thee done?
Lod. Why on the sudden is your colour chang'd?
Abig. I know not, but farewell, I must be gone.
Bar. Stay her, but let her not speake one word more.
Lod. Mute a the sudden; here's a sudden change.
Bar. Oh muse not at it, 'tis the *Hebrewes* guize,
That maidens new betroth'd should weepe a while:
Trouble her not, sweet *Lodowicke* depart:
Shee is thy wife, and thou shalt be mine heire.
Lod. Oh, is't the custome, then I am resolu'd:
But rathe let the bright'some heauens be dim,
And Natures beauty choake with stifeling clouds,
Then my faire *Abigal* should frowne on me.
There comes the villaine, now I'le be reueng'd.

Enter Mathias.

Bar. Be quiet *Lodowicke*, it is enough
That I haue made thee sure to *Abigal*.
Lod. Well, let him goe. *Exit.*
Bar. Well, but for me, as you went in at deres
You had bin stab'd, but not a word on't now;
Here must no speeches passe, nor swords be drawne.

Math.

Math. Suffer me, *Barabas*, but to follow him.
Bar. No; so shall I, if any hurt be done,
Be made an accessary of your deeds;
Reuenge it on him when you meet him next.
Math. For this I'le haue his heart.
Bar. Doe so; loe here I giue thee *Abigall.*
Math. What greater gift can poore *Mathias* haue?
Shall *Lodowicke* rob me of so faire a loue?
My life is not so deare as *Abigall.*
Bar. My heart misgiues me, that to crosse your loue,
Hee's with your mother, therefore after him.
Math. What, is he gone vnto my mother?
Bar. Nay, if you will, stay till she comes her selfe.
Math. I cannot stay; for if my mother come,
Shee'll dye with griefe. *Exit.*
Abig. I cannot take my leaue of him for teares:
Father, why haue you thus incenst them both?
Bar. What's that to thee?
Abig. I'le make 'em friends againe.
Bar. You'll make 'em friends? are there not Iewes
Enow in *Malta*,
But thou must dote vpon a Christian?
Abig. I will haue Don *Mathias*, he is my loue.
Bar. Yes, you shall haue him: Goe put her in.
Ith. I, I'le put her in.
Bar. Now tell me, *Ithimore*, how lik'st thou this?
Ith. Faith Master, I thinke by this
You purchase both their liues; is it not so?
Bar. True; and it shall be cunningly perform'd.
Ith. Oh, master, that I might haue a hand in this.
Bar. I, so thou shalt, 'tis thou must doe the deed:
Take this and beare it to *Mathias* streight,
And tell him that it comes from *Lodowicke.*
Ith. 'Tis poyson'd, is it not?
Bar. No, no, and yet it might be done that way:
It is a challenge feign'd from *Lodowicke.*
Ith. Feare not, I'le so set his heart a fire, that he

Shall

Shall verily thinke it comes from him.
Bar. I cannot choose but like thy readinesse:
Yet be not rash, but doe it cunningly.
Ith. As I behaue my selfe in this, imploy me hereafter.
Bar. Away then. *Exit.*
So, now will I goe in to *Ledowicke*,
And like a cunning spirit feigne some lye,
Till I haue set 'em both at enmitie. *Exit*

Actus Tertius.

Enter a Curtezan.

SInce this Towne was besieg'd, my gaine growes cold:
The time has bin, that but for one bare night
A hundred Duckets haue bin freely giuen:
But now against my will I must be chast.
And yet I know my beauty doth not faile.
From *Venice* Merchants, and from *Padua*,
Were wont to come rare witted Gentlemen,
Schollers I meane, learned and liberall;
And now, saue *Pilia-borza*, comes there none,
And he is very seldome from my house;
And here he comes.

Enter Pilia-borza.

Pilia. Hold thee, wench, there's something for thee to spend.
Curt. 'Tis siluer, I disdaine it.
Pilia. But the Iew has gold,
And I will haue it, or it shall goe hard.
Curt. Tell me, how cam'st thou by this? (dens
Pilia. Faith, walking the backe lanes through the Gar-
I chanc'd to cast mine eye vp to the Iewes counting-house
Where I saw some bags of money, and in the night I
Clamber'd vp with my hooks, and as I was taking
My choyce, I heard a rumbling in the house; so I cooke

Only

Onely this, and runne my way: but here's the Iewes man.

Enter Ithimore.

Curt. Hide the bagge.

Pilia. Looke not towards him, let's away:
Zoon's what a looking thou keep'st,
Thou'lt betraye's anon.

Ith. O the sweetest face that euer I beheld! I know she is
A Curtezane by her attire: now would I giue a hundred
Of the Iewes Crownes that I had such a Concubine.
Well, I haue deliuer'd the challenge in such sort,
As meet they will, and fighting dye; braue sport.

Exit.

Enter Mathias.

Math. This is the place, now *Abigall* shall see
Whether *Mathias* holds her deare or no.

Enter Lodow. reading.

Math. What, dares the villain write in such base termes?

Lod. I did it, and reuenge it if thou dar'st.

Fight: Enter Barabas aboue.

Bar. Oh brauely fought, and yet they thrust not home.
Now *Lodowicke*, now *Mathias*, so;
So now they haue shew'd themselues to be tall fellowes.

Within, Part 'em, part 'em.

Bar. I, part 'em now they are dead: Farewell, farewell.

Exit.

Enter Gouernor. Mater.

Gou. What fight is this? my *Lodowicke* slaine!
These armes of mine shall be thy Sepulchre.

Mater. Who is this? my sonne *Mathias* slaine!

Gou. Oh *Lodowicke!* hadst thou perish'd by the Turke,
Wretched *Ferneze* might haue veng'd thy death.

Mater. Thy sonne slew mine, and I'le reuenge his death.

Gou. Looke, *Katherin*, looke, thy sonne gaue mine these

Mat. O leaue to grieue me, I am griev'd enough. (wounds

Gou. Oh that my sighs could turne to liuely breath;
And these my teares to blood, that he might liue.

Mater. Who made them enemies?

Gou.

Gov. I know not, and that grieues me most of all.
Mat. My sonne lou'd thine.
Gov. And so did *Lodowicke* him.
Mat. Lend me that weapon that did kill my sonne,
And it shall murder me.
Gov, Nay Madem stay, that weapon was my son's,
And on that rather should *Ferneze* dye.
Mat. Hold, let's inquire the causers of their deaths,
That we may venge their blood vpon their heads.
Gov. Then take them vp, and let them be interr'd
Within one sacred monument of stone;
Vpon which Altar I will offer vp
My daily sacrifice of sighes and teares,
And with my prayers pierce impartiall heauens,
Till they the causers of our smarts,
Which forc'd their hands diuide vnited hearts:
Come, *Katherine*, our losses equall are,
Then of true griefe let vs take equall share.
Exeunt.

Enter Ithimore.

Ith. Why was there euer seene such villany, so neatly
Plotted, and so well perform'd? both held in hand, and
Flatly both beguil'd.

Enter Abigall.

Abig. Why how now *Ithimore*, why laugh'st thou so?
Ith. Oh, Mistresse, ha ha ha.
Abig. Why what ayl'st thou?
Ith. Oh my master.
Abig. Ha.
Ith. Oh Mistris! I haue the braueſt, graueſt, secret, subtil
Bottle-nos'd knaue to my Master, that euer Gentleman had.
Abig. Say, knaue, why rail'st vpon my father thus?
Ith. Oh, my master has the braueſt policy.
Abig. Wherein?
Ith. Why, know you not?
Abig. Why no.
Ith. Know you not of *Mathias* & Don *Lodwick* disasters?

Abig.

Abig. No, what was it?

Ith. Why the deuil inuented a challenge, my Mr. writ it,
And I carried it, first to *Lodowicke*, and *imprimis* to *Mathia*.
And then they met, as the story sayes,
In dolefull wise they ended both their dayes.

Abig. And was my father further en of their deaths?

Ith. Am I *Ithimore*?

Abig. Yes.

Ith. So sure did your father write, & I cary the chalenge.

Abig. Well, *Ithimore*, let me request thee this,
Goe to the new made Nunnery, and inquire
For any of the Fryars of St. Iaynes,
And say, I pray them come and speake with me.

Ith. I pray, mistris, wil you answer me to one question?

Abig. Well, sirra, what is't?

Ith. A very feeling one; haue not the Nuns fine sport
With the Fryars now and then?

Abig. Go to, sirra sauce, is this your question? get ye gon

Ith. I will forsooth, Mistris. *Exit*

Abig. Hard-hearted Father, unkind *Barabas*,
Was this the pursuit of thy policie?
To make me shew them fauour seuerally,
That by my fauour they should both be slaine?
Admit thou lou'dst not *Lodowicke* for his sinne,
Yet Don *Mathias* ne're offended thee:
But thou wert set vpon extreme reuenge,
Because the Pryor dispossest thee once,
And couldst not venge it, but vpon his sonne,
Nor on his sonne, but by *Mathias* meanes;
Nor on *Mathias*, but by murdering me.
But I perceiue there is no loue on earth,
Pitty in Iewes, nor piety in Turkes.
But here Comes curst *Ithimore* with the Fryar.

Enter Ithimore, Fryar.

Fry. Virgo, salve.

Ith. When ducke you?

Abig. Welcome graue Fryar; *Ithamore* begon, *Exit*

Know, holy Sir, I am bold to sollicite thee,
Fry. Wherein?
Abig. To get me be admitted for a Nun.
Fry. Why *Abigal* it is not yet long since
That I did labour thy admition,
And then thou didst not like that holy life.
Abig. Then were my thoughts so fraile & vnconfirm'd,
And I was chain'd to follies of the world:
But now experience, purchased with griefe,
Has made me see the difference of things.
My sinfull soule, alas, hath pac'd too long
The fatall Labyrinth of misbeleefe,
Farre from the Sonne that giues eternall life.
Fry. Who taught thee this?
Abig. The Abbasse of the house,
Whose zealous admonition I embrace:
Oh therefore, *Iacomi*, let me be one,
Although unworthy of that Sister-hood.
Fry. *Abigal* I will, but see, thou change no more,
For that will be most heavy to thy soule.
Abig. That was my father's fault.
Fry. Thy father's, how?
Abig. Nay, you shall pardon me: oh *Barabas*,
Though thou deservest hardly at my hands,
Yet never shall these lips bewray thy life.
Fry. Come, shall we go?
Abig. My duty waits on you.

Enter Barabas reading a letter.

Bar. What, *Abigall* become a Nunne againe?
False, and vnkinde: what hast thou lost thy father?
And all vnknowing, and vnconstrain'd of me,
Art thou againe got to the Nunnery?
Now here she writes, and wils me to repent.
Repentance? *Spurca*, what pretendeth this?
I feare she knowes (t'is so) of my deuice
In Don *Mathias* and *Lodowicke* death:
If so, 'tis time that I be gone.

For she that varies from me in beleefe
Giues great presumption that she loues me not;
Or louing, doth dislike of something done:
But who comes here? Oh *Ithimore* come neere;
Come neere my loue, come neere thy masters life,
My trusty seruant, nay, my second life;
For I haue now no hope but euen in thee;
And on that hope my happinesse is built:
When saw'st thou *Abigall*?

Ith. To day.

Bar. With whom?

Ith. A Fryar.

Bar. A Fryar? false villaine, he hath done the deed.

Ith. How, Sir?

Bar. Why made mine *Abigall* a Nunne.

Ith. That's no lye, for she sent me for him.

Brr. Oh vnhappy day,
False, credulous, inconstant *Abigall!*
But let 'em goe: And *Ithimore*, from hence
Ne're shall she grieue me more with her disgrace;
Ne're shall she liue to inherit ought of mine,
Be blest of me, nor come within my gates,
But perish vnderneath my bitter curse
Like *Cain* by *Adam*, for his brother's death.

Ith. Oh master.

Bar. *Ithimore*, intreat not for her, I am mou'd,
And she is hatefull to my soule and me:
And least thou yeeld to this that I intreat,
I cannot thinke but that thou hat'st my life.

Ith. Who I, master? Why I'le run to some rocke and
Throw my selfe headlong into the sea; why I'le doe any
Thing for your sweet sake.

Bar. Oh trusty *Ithimore*; no seruant, but my friend;
I here adopt thee for mine onely heire,
All that I haue is thine when I am dead,
And whilst I liue vse halfe; spend as my selfe;
Here take my keyes, I'le giue 'em thee anon:

Goe buy thee garments: but thou shalt not want:
Onely know this, that thus thou art to doe:
But first goe fetch me in the pot of Rice
That for our supper stands vpon the fire.
Ith. I hold my head my master's hungry: I goe Sir. *Exit.*

Bar. Thus euery villaine ambles after wealth
Although he ne're be richer then in hope:
But husht.

Enter Ithimore with the pot.

Ith. Here 'tis, Master.
Bar. Well said, *Ithimore*; what hast thou brought
The Ladle with thee too?
Ith. Yes, Sir, the prouerb saies, he that eats with the deuil
Had need of a long spoone, I haue brought you a Ladle.
Bar. Very well, *Ithimore*, then now be secret;
And for thy sake, whom I so dearely loue,
Now shalt thou see the death of *Abigall*,
That thou mayst freely liue to be my heire.
Ith. Why, master, wil you poison her with a messe of rice
Porredge that wil preserue life, make her round & plump,
And batten more then you are aware.
Bar. I but *Ithimore* feest thou this?
It is a precious powder that I bought
Of an *Italian* in *Alexandria* here;
Whose operation is to bind, infect,
And poyson deeply: yet not appeare
In forty houres after it is taken.
Ith. How master?
Bar. Thus *Ithimore*:
This Euen they vse in *Malta* here ('tis call'd
Saint *Iagues* Euen) and then I say they vse
To send their Almes vnto the Nunneries:
Among the rest beare this, and set it there;
There's a darke entry where they take it in,
Where they must neither see the messenger,
Nor make enquiry who hath sent it them.

Ith.

Ith. How so?

Bar. Belike there is some Ceremony in't.
There *Ithimore* must thou goe place this plot:
Stay, let me spice it first.

Ith. Pray doe, and let me help you Mr. Pray let me taste (first.

Bar. Prethe doe: what saist thou now?

Ith. Troth Mr, I'm loth such a pot of porrage should be (spoyld.

Bar. Peace, *Ithimore*, 'tis better so then spar'd
Assure thy selfe thou shalt haue broth by the eye.
My purse, my Coffer, and my selfe is thine.

Ith. Well, master, I goe.

Bar. Stay, first let me stirre it *Ithimore*:
As fatall be it to her as the draught
Of which great *Alexander* drunke, and dyed:
And with her let it worke like *Borgias* wine,
Whereof his sire, the Pope, was poyson'd.
In few, the bloud of *Hydra*, Lerna's bane;
The iouyce of *Hebon*, and *Cocytus* breath,
And all the poysons of the Stygian poole
Breake from the fiery kingdome; and in this
Vomit your venome, and inuenome her
That like a fiend hath left her father thus.

Ith. What a blessing has he gin'at? was euer pot of
Rice porredge so sanc't? what shall I doe with it?

Bar. Oh my sweet *Ithimore* goe set it downe
And come againe so soone as thou hast done,
For I haue other businesse for thee.

Ith. Here's a dreach to poyson a whole stable of
Flanders mares: I'le carry't to the Nunne with a powder:

Bar. And the horse pestilence to boot; away.

Ith. I am gone:
Pay me my wages for my worke is done. *Exit.*

Bar. Ile pay thee with a vengeance *Ithimore*. *Exit.*

Enter Gouernor, Officer, Knights, Basso.

Gou. Welcome great *Basso*; how fares Calymath,
What wind drives you thus into *Malta* rhode

Basso.

Bash. The wind that bloweth all the world besides,
Desire of gold.

Gov. Desire of gold, great Sir?
That's to be gotten in the Westerne *Inde*:
In *Malta* are no golden Minerals.

Bash. To you of *Malta* thus saith *Calymath*:
The time you toake for respite, is at hand,
For the performance of your promise past;
And for the Tribute-mony I am sent.

Gov. *Bashaw*, in briefe, shalt haue no tribute here,
Nor shall the Heathens liue vpon our spoyle:
First will we race the City wals our selues,
Lay waste the Iland, hew the Temples downe,
And shipping of our goods to *Sicily*,
Open an entrance for the wastfull sea,
Whose billowes beating the resistlesse bankes,
Shall ouerflow it with their refluence.

Bash. Well, Gouernor, since thou hast broke the league
By flat denyall of the promis'd Tribute,
Talke not of racing downe your City wals,
You shall not need trouble your selues so farre,
For *Selim-Calymath* shall come himselfe,
And with brasse-bullets batter downe your Towers,
And turne proud *Malta* to a wildernesse
For these intolerable wrongs of yours: And so farewell.

Gov. Farewell:
And now you men of *Malta* looke about,
And let's prouide to welcome *Calymath*:
Close your Port-cullise, charge your Basilisker,
And as you profitably take vp Armes,
So now courageously encounter them:
For by this Answer, broken is the league,
And nought is to be look'd for now but warres,
And nought to vs more welcome is then warre. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Friers and Abigal.

1 *Fry.* Oh brother, brother, all the Nunnerie sicke,
And Physicke will not helpe them, they must dye.

2 *Fry.*

2 *Fry.* The Abbasse sent for me to be confest:
Oh what a sad confession will there be?
1 *Fry.* And so did faire *Maria* send for me:
I'le to her lodging; hereabouts she lyes. *Exit.*

Enter Abigall.

2 *Fry.* What, all dead saue onely *Abigall*?
Abig. And I shall dye too, for I feele death comming.
Where is the Fryar that conuerst with me?
2 *Fry.* Oh he is gone to see the other Nunns.
Abig. I sent for him, but seeing you are come
Be you my ghostly father; and first know,
That in this house I liu'd religiously,
Chast, and deuout, much sorrowing for my sinnes,
But e're I came ——
2 *Fry.* What then?
Abig. I did offend high heauen so grieuously,
As I am almost desperate for my sinnes:
And one offence torments me more then all.
You knew *Mathias* and Don *Lodowicke*?
2 *Fry.* Yes, what of them?
Abig. My father did contract me to 'em both:
First to Don *Lodowicke*, him I neuer lou'd;
Mathias was the man that I held deare,
And for his sake did I become a Nunne.
2 *Fry.* So, say how was their end?
Abig. Both iealous of my loue, ennied each other:
And by my father's practice, which is there
Set downe at large, the Gallants were both slaine.
2 *Fry.* Oh monstrous villany!
Abig. To worke my peace, this I confesse to thee:
Reueale it not, for then my father dyes.
2 *Fry.* Know that Confession must not be reueal'd,
The Canon Law forbids it, and the Priest
That makes it knowne, being degraded first,
Shall be condemn'd, and then sent to the fire.
Abig. So I haue heard; pray therefore keepe it close:
Death seizeth on my heart, ah gentle Fryar

Conuey

Conuert my father that he may be sau'd,
And witnesse that I dye a Christian.
2 *Fry.* I, and a Virgin too, that grieues me most:
But I must to the Iew and exclaime on him,
And make him stand in feare of me.

Enter 1 *Fryer.*

1 *Fry.* Oh brother, all the Nunnes are dead, let's bury them.
2 *Fry.* First helpe to bury this, then goe with me
And helpe me to exclaime against the Iew.
1 *Fry.* Why? what has he done?
2 *Fry.* A thing that makes me tremble to vnfold.
1 *Fry.* What has he crucified a child?
2 *Fry.* No, but a worse thing: 'twas told me in shrift,
Thou know'st 'tis death and if it be reueal'd.
Come let's away. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus.

Enter Barabas, Itha. *Bells within.*

Bar. THere is no musicke to a Christians knell?
How sweet the Bels ring now the Nuns are dead
That sound at other times like Tinkers pans?
I was afraid the poyson had not wrought;
Or though it wrought, it would haue done no good,
For euery yeare they swell, and yet they liue;
Now all are dead, not one remaines aliue.
Ith. That's braue, Mr. but think you it will not be known
Bar. How can it if we two be secret.
Ith. For my part feare you not.
Bar. I'de cut thy throat if I did.
Ith. And reason too; but here's a royall Monastry hard
By, good master let me poyson all the Monks.
Bar. Thou shalt not need, for now the Nuns are dead, They'll

They'll dye with griefe.

Ith. Doe you not sorrow for your daughters death?

Bar. No, but I grieue because she liu'd so long an *Hebrew*
X Borne, and would become a Christian. *Carbadiabolu.*

Enter the two Fryars.

Ith. Look, look, Mr. here come two religious Caterpillers.

Bar. I smelt 'em e're they came.

Ith. God-a-mercy nose; come let's begone.

2 *Fry.* Stay wicked Iew, repent I say, and stay.

1 *Fry.* Thou hast offended, therefore must be damn'd.

Bar. I feare they know we sent the poysond broth.

Ith. And so doe I, master, therefore speake 'em faire.

2. *Barabas*, thou hast ——

1. I, that thou hast ——

Bar. True, I haue mony, what though I haue?

2. Thou art a ——

1. I, that thou art a ——

Bar. What needs all this? I know I am a Iew.

2. Thy daughter ——

1. I, thy daughter. ——

Bar. Oh speake not of her, then I dye with griefe.

2. Remember that ——

1. I, remember that ——

Bar. I must needs say that I haue beene a great usurer.

2. Thou hast committed ——

Bar. Fornication? but that was in another Country:
And besides, the Wench is dead.

2. I, but *Barabas* remember *Mathias* and Don *Ladowick*.

Bar. Why, what of them?

2. I will not say that by a forged challenge they met.

Bar. She has confest, and we are both vndone;
My bosome inmates, *but I must dissemble.* *aside.*
Oh holy Fryars, the burthen of my sinnes
Lye heauy on my soule; then pray you tell me,
Is't not too late now to turne Christian?
I haue beene zealous in the Iewish faith,
Hard harted to the poore, a couetous wretch,

That would for Lucars sake haue sold my soule.
A hundred for a hundred I haue tane;
And now for store of wealth may I compare
With all the Iewes in *Malta*; but what is wealth?
I am a Iew, and therefore am I lost.
Would pennance serue for this my sinne,
I could afford to whip my selfe to death.

Ith. And so could I; but pennance will not serue.

Bar. To fast, to pray, and weare a shirt of haire,
And on my knees creepe to *Ierusalem*,
Cellers of Wine, and Sollers full of Wheat,
Ware-houses stuft with spices and with drugs,
Whole Chests of Gold, in *Bulloine*, and in Coyne,
Besides I know not how much weight in Pearle
Orient and round, haue I within my house;
At *Alexandria*, Merchandize vnsold:
But yesterday two ships went from this Towne,
Their voyage will be worth ten thousand Crownes.
In *Florence*, *Venice*, *Antwerpe*, *London*, *Ciuill*,
Frankeford, *Lubecke*, *Mosco*, and where not,
Haue I debts owing; and in most of these,
Great summes of mony lying in the bancho;
All this I'le giue to some religious house
So I may be baptiz'd and liue therein.

1. Oh good *Barabas* come to our house.

2. Oh no, good *Barabas* come to our house.

And *Barabas*, you know ——

Bar. I know that I haue highly sinn'd,
You shall conuert me, you shall haue all my wealth.

1. Oh *Barabas*, their Lawes are strict.

Bar. I know they are, and I will be with you.

1. They weare no shirts, and they goe bare-foot too.

Bar. Then 'tis not for me; and I am resolu'd
You shall confesse me, and haue all my goods.

1. Good *Barabas* come to me.

Bar. You see I answer him, and yet he stayes;
Bid him away, and goe you home with me.

2. I'le

2. I'le be with you to night.
Bar. Come to my house at one a clocke this night.
1. You heare your answer, and you may be gone.
2, Why goe get you away.
1. I will not goe for thee.
2. Not, then I'le make thee goe.
1. How, dost call me rogue? *Fight.*
Ith. Part 'em, master, part 'em.
Bar. This is meere frailty, brethren, be content.
Fryar *Barnardine* goe you with *Ithimore*.
Ith. You know my mind, let me alone with him;
Why does he goe to thy house, let him begone.
Bar. I'le giue him something and so stop his mouth. *Exit.*

I neuer heard of any man but he
Malign'd the order of the *Iacobines*:
But doe you thinke that I beleeue his words?
Why Brother you conuerted *Abigall*;
And I am bound in charitie to requite it,
And so I will, oh *Iacomo*, faile not but come.
Fry. But *Barabas* who shall be your godfathers,
For presently you shall be shriu'd.
Bar. Marry the *Turke* shall be one of my godfathers,
But not a word to any of your Conuent.
Fry. I warrant thee, *Barabas*. *Exit*
Bar. So now the feare is past, and I am safe:
For he that shriu'd her is within my house,
What if I murder'd him e're *Iacomo* comes?
Now I haue such a plot for both their liues,
As neuer Iew nor Christian knew the like:
One turn'd my daughter, therefore he shall dye;
The other knowes enough to haue my life,
Therefore 'tis not requisite he should liue.
But are not both these wise men to suppose
That I will leaue my house, my goods, and all,
To fast and be well whipt; I'le none of that.
Now Fryar *Barnardine* I come to you,

Ile feast you, lodge you, giue you faire words,
And after that, I and my trusty Turke ——
No more but so: it must and shall be done.
Ithimore, tell me, is the Fryar asleepe?

Enter Ithimore.

Ith. Yes; and I know not what the reason is:
Doe what I can he will not strip himselfe,
Nor goe to bed, but sleepes in his owne cloth[illegible]
I feare me he mistrusts what we intend.
Bar. No, 'tis an order which the Fryars vse:
Yet if he knew our meanings, could he scape?
Ith. No, none can heare him, cry he ne're so loud.
Bar. Why true, therefore did I place him there:
The other Chambers open towards the street.
Ith. You loyter, master, wherefore stay we thus?
Oh how I long to see him shake his heeles.
Bar. Come on, sirra, off with your girdle, make a hansom (noose;
Fryar awake.
Fry. What doe you meane to strangle me?
Ith. Yes, 'cause you vse to confesse.
Bar. Blame not vs but the prouerb, Confes & be hang'd
Pull hard.
Fry. What, will you saue my life?
Bar. Pull hard, I say, you would haue had my goods.
Ith. I, and our liues too, therefore pull amaine.
'Tis neatly done, Sir, here's no print at all.
Bar. Then is it as it should be, take him vp.
Ith. Nay, M^r. be rul'd by me a little; so, let him leane
Vpon his staffe; excellent, he stands as if he were begging; (of Bacon.
Bar. Who would not thinke but that this Fryar liu'd?
What time a night is't now, sweet *Ithimore*?
Ith. Towards one.

Enter Iocoma.

Bar. Then will not *Iocoma* be long from hence.
Ioco. This is the houre wherein I shall proceed;
Oh happy houre, wherein I shall conuert

An Infidell, and bring his gold into our treasury.
But soft, is not this *Bernardine*? it is;
And vnderstanding I should come this way,
Stands here a purpose, meaning me some wrong,
And intercept my going to the Iew; *Bernardine*;
Wilt thou not speake? thou think'st I see thee not;
Away, I'de wish thee, and let me goe by:
No, wilt thou not? nay then I'le force my way;
And see a staffe stands ready for the purpose:
As thou lik'st that, stop me another time.
Strike him, he falls. Enter Barabas.
Bar. Why how now *Ioconia*, what hast thou done?
Ioco. Why stricken him that would haue stroke at me.
Bar. Who is it *Bernardine*? now out alas, he is slaine.
Ith. I, Mr. he's slain; look how his brains drop out on's (nose.
Ioco. Good sirs I haue don't, but no body knowes it but
You two, I may escape.
Bar. So might my man and I hang with you for com-
Ith. No, let vs beare him to the Magistrates. (pany.
Ioco. Good *Barabas* let me goe.
Bar. No, pardon me, the Law must haue his course.
I must be forc'd to giue in euidence,
That being importun'd by this *Bernardine*
To be a Christian, I shut him out,
And there he sate: now I to keepe my word,
And giue my goods and substance to your house,
Was vp thus early; with intent to goe
Vnto your Friery, because you staid.
Ith. Fie vpon 'em, Mr. will you turne Christian, when
Holy Friars turne deuils and murder one another.
Bar. No, for this example I'le remaine a Iew:
Heauen blesse me; what, a Fryar a murderer?
When shall you see a Iew commit the like?
Ith. Why a Turke could ha done no more.
Bar. To morrow is the Sessions; you shall to it.
Come *Ithimore*, let's helpe to take him hence.

Ioco.

Ioco. Villaines, I am a sacred person, touch me not.
Bar. The Law shall touch you, we'll but lead you, we:
'Las I could weepe at your calamity.
Take in the staffe too, for that must be shownne:
Law wils that each particular be knowne. *Exeunt.*

Enter Curtezant, and Pilia-borza.

Curt. *Pilia-borza*, didst thou meet with *Ithimore*?
Pil. I did.
Curt. And didst thou deliuer my letter?
Pil. I did.
Curt. And what think'st thou, will he come?
Pil. I think so, and yet I cannot tell, for at the reading of
The letter, he look'd like a man of another world.
Curt. Why so?
Pil. That such a base slaue as he should be saluted by such
A tall man as I am, from such a beautifull dame as you.
Curt. And what said he?
Pil. Not a wise word, only gaue me a nod, as who shold
say, Is it euen so; and so I left him, being driuen to a
Non-plus at the critical aspect of my terrible countenance.
Curt. And where didst meet him?
Pil. Vpon mine owne free-hold within 40 foot of the
Gallowes, conning his neck-verse I take it, looking of a
Fryars Execution, whom I saluted with an old hempen
prouerb, *Hodie tibi, cras mihi*, and so I left him to the mercy
Of the Hangman: but the Exercise being done, see where
He comes.

Enter Ithimore.

Ith. I neuer knew a man take his death so patiently as
This Fryar; he was ready to leape off e're the halter was
About his necke; and when the Hangman had put on his
Hempen Tippet, he made such haste to his prayers, as if
Hee had had another Cure to serue; well, goe whither
He will, I'le be none of his followers in haste:
And now I thinke on't, going to the execution, a fellow
Met me with a muschatoes like a Rauens wing, and
A Dagger with a hilt like a warming-pan, and he

Gaue me a letter from one Madam *Bellamira*,
Saluting me in such sort as if he had meant to make
Cleane my Boots with his lips; the effect was, that
I should come to her house, I wonder what the reason is;
It may be she sees more in me than I can find in
My selfe: for she writes further, that she loues me
Euer since she saw me, and who would not requite such
Loue? here's her house, and here she comes, and now
Would I were gone, I am not worthy to looke vpon her.

Pilia. This is the Gentleman you writ to.

Ith. Gentleman, he flouts me, what gentry can be in a
Poore Turke of ten pence? I'le be gone.

Curt. Is't not a sweet fac'd youth, *Pilia*?

Ith. Agen, sweet youth; did not you, Sir, bring the sweet
Youth a letter?

Pilia. I did Sir, and from this Gentlewoman, who as my
Selfe, & the rest of the family, stand or fall at your seruice.

Curt. Though womans modesty should hale me backe,
I can with-hold no longer; welcome sweet loue.

Ith. Now am I cleane, or rather fouly out of the way.

Curt. Whither so soone?

Ith. I'le goe steale some mony from my Master to
Make me hansome:
Pray pardon me, I must goe see a ship discharg'd.

Curt. Canst thou be so vnkind to leaue me thus?

Pilia. And ye did but know how she loues you, Sir.

Ith. Nay, I care not how much she loues me;
Sweet *Allamira*, would I had my Masters wealth for thy
(sake:

Pilia. And you can haue it, Sir, and if you please.

Ith. If 'twere aboue ground I could, and would haue it;
But hee hides and buries it vp as Partridges doe
Their egges, vnder the earth.

Pil. And is't not possible to find it out?

Ith. By no meanes possible.

Curt. What shall we doe with this base villaine then?

Pil. Let me alone, doe but you speake him faire:

But

But you know some secrets of the Iew, which if they were
Reueal'd, would doe him harme.
Ith. I, and such as — Goe to, no more,
I'le make him send me half he has, & glad he scapes so too.
Pen and Inke:
I'le write vnto him, we'le haue mony strait.
Pil. Send for a hundred Crownes at least.
He writes.
Ith. Ten hundred thousand crownes, — Mr. *Barabas.*
Pil. Write not so submissively, but threatning him.
Ith. Sirra *Barabas*, send me a hundred crownes.
Pil. Put in two hundred at least.
Ith. I charge thee send me 300 by this bearer, and this
Shall be your warrant; if you doe not, no more but so.
Pil. Tell him you will confesse.
Ith. Otherwise I'le confesse all, vanish and returne in a
Twinckle.
Pil. Let me alone, I'le vse him in his kinde.
Ith. Hang him Iew.
Curt. Now, gentle *Ithimore*, lye in my lap.
Where are my Maids? pronide a running Banquet;
Send to the Merchant, bid him bring me silkes,
Shall *Ithimore* my loue goe in such rags?
Ith. And bid the Ieweller come hither too.
Curt. I haue no husband, sweet, I'le marry thee.
Ith. Content, but we will leaue this paltry land,
And saile from hence to *Greece*, to louely *Greece*,
I'le be thy *Iason*, thou my golden Fleece;
Where painted Carpets o're the meads are hurl'd,
And *Bacchus* vineyards ore-spread the world:
Where Woods and Forrests goe in goodly greene,
I'le be *Adonis*, thou shalt be Loues Queene.
The Meads, the Orchards, and the Primrose lanes,
Instead of Sedge and Reed, beare Sugar Canes:
Thou in those Groues, by *Dis* aboue,
Shalt liue with me and be my loue.
Curt. Whither will I not goe with gentle *Ithimore*?
Enter

Enter Pilia-borza.

Ith. How now? hast thou the gold?

Pil. Yes. (freely?

Ith. But came it freely, did the Cow giue down her milk

Pil. At reading of the letter, he star'd & stamp'd, & turnd Aside, I tooke him by the sterd, & look'd vpon him thus; Told him he were best to send it, then he hug'd & imbrac'd

Ith. Rather for feare then loue. (me.

Pil. Then like a Iew he laugh'd & jeer'd, and told me he lou'd me for your sake, & said what a faithfull seruant you

Ith. The more villaine he to keep me thus: (had bin. Here's goodly 'parrell, is there not?

Pil. To conclude, he gaue me ten crownes.

Ith. But ten? I'le not leaue him worth a gray groat, giue Me a Reame of paper, we'll haue a kingdome of gold for't.

Pil. Write for 500 Crownes.

Ith. Sirra Iew, as you loue your life send me 500 crowns, And giue the Bearer 100. Tell him I must haue't.

Pil. I warrant your worship shall han't.

Ith, And if he aske why I demand so much, tell him, I scorne to write a line vnder a hundred crownes.

Pil. You'd make a rich Poet, Sir. I am gone. *Exit.*

Ith. Take thou the mony, spend it for my sake.

Curt. 'Tis not thy mony, but thy selfe I weigh: Thus *Bellamira* esteemes of gold; But thus of thee. —— *Kisse him.* ——

Ith. That kisse againe; she runs diuision of my lips. What an eye she casts on me? It twinckles like a Starre.

Curt. Come my deare loue, let's in and sleepe together.

Ith. Oh that ten thousand nights were put in one, That wee might sleepe seuen yeeres together afore We wake.

Curt. Come Amorous wag, first banquet and then sleep.

Enter Barabas reading a letter.

Bar. *Barabas* send me 300 Crownes. Plaine *Barabas*: oh that wicked *Curtezane*!

He was not wont to call me *Barabas.*
Or elſe I will confeſſe: I, there it goes:
But if I get him *Coupe de Gorge*, for that
He ſent a ſhaggy totter'd ſtaring ſlaue,
That when he ſpeakes, drawes out his griſly beard,
And winds it twice or thrice about his eare;
Whoſe face has bin a grind-ſtone for mens ſwords,
His hands are hackt, ſome fingers cut quite off;
Who when he ſpeakes, grunts like a hog, and looks
Like one that is imploy'd in Catzerie,
And crosbiting ſuch a Rogue
As is the husband to a hundred whores:
And I by him muſt ſend three hundred crownes.
Well, my hope is, he will not ſtay there ſtill;
And when he comes: Oh that he were but here!

Enter Pilia-borza.

Pil. Iew, I muſt ha more gold.
Bar. Why wantſt thou any of thy tale?
Pil. No; but 300 will not ſerue his turne.
Bar. Not ſerue his turne, Sir?
Pil. No Sir; and therefore I muſt haue 500 more.
Bar. I'le rather ——
Pil. Oh good words, Sir, and ſend it you were beſt; ſee, ſee,
There's his letter.
Bar. Might he not as well come as ſend; pray bid him
Come & fetch it, what hee writes for you, ye ſhall haue
Pil. I, and the reſt too, or elſe —— (ſtreight.
Bar. I muſt make this villaine away: pleaſe you dine
With me, Sir, & you ſhal be moſt hartily poyſon'd. *aſide*
Pil. No god-a-mercy, ſhall I haue theſe crownes?
Bar. I cannot doe it, I haue loſt my keyes.
Pil. Oh, if that be all, I can picke ope your locks.
Bar. Or climbe vp to my Counting-houſe window:
You know my meaning.
Pil. I know enough, and therfore talke not to me of your
Counting-houſe, the gold, or know Iew it is in my power
Bar. I am betraid. (to hang thee.

'Tis not 500 Crownes that I esteeme,
I am not mou'd at that: this angers me,
That he who knowes I loue him as my selfe
Should write in this imperious vaine? why Sir,
You know I haue no childe, and vnto whom
Should I leaue all but vnto *Ithimore*?
Pil. Here's many words but no crownes; the crownes.
Bar. Commend me to him, Sir, most humbly,
And vnto your good mistris as vnknowne.
Pil. Speake, shall I haue 'vm, Sir?
Bar. Sir here they are.
Oh that I should part with so much gold!
Here take 'em, fellow, with as good a will ——
—— *As I wod see thee hang'd*; oh, loue stops my breath:
Neuer lou'd man seruant as I doe *Ithimore*.
Pil. I know it, Sir.
Bar. Pray when, Sir, shall I see you at my house?
Pil. Soone enough to your cost, Sir:
Fare you well. *Exit.*
Bar. Nay to thine owne cost, villaine, if thou com'st.
Was euer Iew tormented as I am?
To haue a shag-rag knaue to come
300 Crownes, and then 500 Crownes?
Well, I must seeke a meanes to rid 'em all,
And presently: for in his villany
He will tell all he knowes and I shall dye for't. I haue it.
I will in some disguize goe see the slaue,
And how the villaine reuels with my gold. *Exit.*

Enter Curtezane, Ithimore, Pilia-borza.

Curt. I'le pledge thee, loue, and therefore drinke it off.
Ith. Saist thou me so? haue at it; and doe you heare?
Curt. Goe to, it shall be so.
Ith. Of that condition I wil drink it vp; here's to thee.
Pil. Nay, I'le haue all or none.
Ith. There, if thou lou'st me doe not leaue a drop.
Curt. Loue thee, fill me three glasses.
Ith. Three and fifty dozen, I'le pledge thee.

Pil.

Pil. Knauely ſpoke, and like a Knight at Armes.
Ith. Hey *Rosa Caſtiliano*, a man's a man.
Curt. Now to the Iew.
Ith. Ha to the Iew, and ſend me mony you were beſt.
Pil. What wudſt thou doe if he ſhould ſend thee none?
Ith. Doe nothing; but I know what I know,
He's a murderer.
Curt. I had not thought he had been ſo braue a man.
Ith. You knew *Mathias* and the Gouernors ſon, he and
I kild 'em both, and yet neuer touch'd 'em.
Pil. Oh brauely done.
Ith. I carried the broth that poyſon'd the Nuns, and he
And I ſnicle hand too faſt, ſtrangled a Fryar.
Curt. You two alone.
Ith. We two, and 'twas neuer knowne, nor neuer ſhall
Be for me.
Pil. This ſhall with me vnto the Gouernor.
Curt. And fit it ſhould: but firſt let's ha more gold:
Come gentle *Ithimore*, lye in my lap.
Ith. Loue me little, loue me long, let muſicke rumble,
Whilſt I in thy *incony* lap doe tumble.
Enter Barabas with a Lute, diſguis'd.
Curt. A French Muſician, come let's heare your skill?
Bar. Muſt tune my Lute for ſound, twang twang firſt.
Ith. Wilt drinke French-man, here's to thee with a —
Pox on this drunken hick-vp.
Bar. Gramercy Mounſier.
Curt. Prethe, *Pilia-borza*, bid the Fidler giue me
The poſey in his hat there.
Pil. Sirra, you muſt giue my miſtris your poſey.
Bar. *A voſtre commandement Madam.*
Curt. How ſweet, my *Ithimore*, the flowers ſmell.
Ith. Like thy breath, ſweet-hart, no violet like 'em.
Pil. Foh, me thinkes they ſtinke like a Holly-Hoke.
Bar. So, now I am reueng'd vpon 'em all.
The ſcent thereof was death, I poyſon'd it.
Ith. Play, Fidler, or I'le cut your cats guts into chitterlins

Bar.

Pardona moy, be no in tune yet; so now, now all be in.
Ith. Giue him a crowne, and fill me out more wine.
Pil. There's two crownes for thee, play.
Bar. How liberally the villain giues me mine owyn gold. *aside.*

Pil. Me thinkes he fingers very well.
Bar. So did you when you stole my gold. *aside*
Pil. How swift he runnes.
Bar. You run swifter when you threw my gold out of My Window. *aside.*
Curt. Musician, hast beene in *Malta* long?
Bar. Two, three, foure month Madam.
Ith. Dost not know a Iew, one *Barabas*?
Bar. Very mush, Mounsier, you no be his man.
Pil: His man?
Ith. I scorne the Peasant, tell him so.
Bar. He knowes it already.
Ith. 'Tis a strange thing of that Iew, he liues vpon Pickled Grashoppers, and sauc'd Mushrumbs.
Bar. What a slaue's this? The Gouernour feeds not as I doe. *aside.*
Ith. He neuer put on cleane shirt since he was circumcis'd
Bar. Oh raskall! I change my selfe twice a day. *aside*
Ith. The Hat he weares, *Iudas* left vnder the Elder When he hang'd himselfe.
Bar. 'Twas sent me for a present from the great *Cham.* *aside*

Pil. A masty slaue he is;
Whether now, Fidler?
Bar. Pardona moy, Mounsier, we be no well. *Exit.*
Pil. Farewell Fidler: One letter more to the Iew.
Curt. Prethe sweet loue, one more, and write it sharp.
Ith. No, I'le send by word of mouth now;
Bid him deliuer thee a thousand Crownes, by the same Token, that the Nuns lou'd Rice, that Fryar *Bernardine* Slept in his owne clothes,
Any of 'em will doe it.

Pil.

Pil. Let me alone to vrge it now I know the meaning.
Ith. The meaning has a meaning; come let's in:
To vndoe a Iew is charity, and not sinne. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Governor, Knights, Martin Del-Bosco.

Gov. NOw, Gentlemen, betake you to your Armes,
And see that *Malta* be well fortifi'd;
And it behoues you to be resolute;
For *Calymath* hauing hower'd here so long,
Will winne the Towne, or dye before the wals.
Kni. And dye he shall, for we will neuer yeeld.

Enter Curtezane, Pilia-borza.

Curt. Oh bring vs to the Gouernor.
Gov. Away with her, she is a Curtezane.
Curt. What e're I am, yet Gouernor heare me speake;
I bring thee newes by whom thy sonne was slaine:
Mathias did it not, it was the Iew.
Pil. Who, besides the slaughter of these Gentlemen,
Poyson'd his owne daughter and the Nuns,
Strangled a Fryar, and I know not what
Mischiefe beside.
Gov. Had we but proofe of this.
Curt. Strong proofe, my Lord, his man's now at my
Lodging that was his Agent, he'll confesse it all.
Gov. Goe fetch him straight, I alwayes fear'd that Iew.

Enter Iew, Ithimore.

Bar. I'le goe alone, dogs do not hale me thus. (my belly.
Ith: Nor me neither, I cannot out-run you Constable, oh
Bar. One dram of powder more had made all sure,
What a damn'd slaue was I?

Gov. Make fires, heat irons, let the racke be fetch'd.
Kni. Nay ſtay, my Lord, 'tmay be he will confeſſe.
Bar. Confeſſe; what meane you, Lords, who ſhould (confeſſe?
Gov. Thou and thy Turk; 'twas you that ſlew my ſon.
Ith. Gilty, my Lord, I confeſſe; your ſonne and *Mathias*
Were both contracted vnto *Abigall*,
Forg'd a counterfeit challenge.
Iew. Who carried that challenge?
Ith. I carried it, I confeſſe, but who writ it?
Marry euen he that ſtrangled *Bernardine*, poyſon'd the
Nuns, and his owne daughter.
Gov. Away with him, his ſight is death to me.
Bar. For what, you men of *Malta*, heare me ſpeake;
Sheé is a Curtezane and he a theefe,
And he my bondman, let me haue law,
For none of this can preiudice my life:
Gov. Once more away with him; you ſhall haue law.
Bar. Deuils doe your worſt, I liue in ſpite of you.
As theſe haue ſpoke ſo be it to their ſoules:
I hope the poyſon'd flowers will worke anon. *Exit.*

Enter Mater.

Mater. Was my *Mathias* murder'd by the Iew?
Ferneze, 'twas thy ſonne that murder'd him.
Gov. Be patient, gentle Madam, it was he,
He forged the daring challenge made them fight.
Mat. Where is the Iew, where is that murderer?
Gov. In priſon till the Law has paſt on him.

Enter Officer.

Offi. My Lord, the Curtezane and her man are dead;
So is the Turke, and *Barabas* the Iew.
Gov. Dead?
Offi. Dead, my Lord, and here they bring his body.
Boſco. This ſudden death of his is very ſtrange.
Gov. Wonder not at it, Sir, the heauens are iuſt:
Their deaths were like their liues, then think not of 'em.
Since they are dead, let them be buried.

For

For the Iewes body, throw that o're the wals,
To be a prey for Vultures and wild beasts.
So, now away and fortifie the Towne. *Exeunt.*
Bar. What, all alone? well fare sleepy drinke.
I'le be reueng'd on this accursed Towne;
For by my meanes *Calymath* shall enter in.
I'le helpe to slay their children and their wiues,
To fire the Churches, pull their houses downe,
Take my goods too, and seize vpon my lands:
I hope to see the Gouernour a slaue,
And, rowing in a Gally, whipt to death.
Enter Calymath, Bashawes, Turkes.
Caly. Whom haue we there, a spy?
Bar. Yes, my good Lord, one that can spy a place
Where you may enter, and surprize the Towne:
My name is *Barabas*; I am a Iew.
Caly. Art thou that Iew whose goods we heard were sold
For Tribute-mony?
Bar. The very same, my Lord:
And since that time they haue hir'd a slaue my man
To accuse me of a thousand villanies:
I was impriſon'd, but scap'd their hands.
Caly. Didst breake prison?
Bar. No, no:
I dranke of Poppy and cold mandrake juyce;
And being asleepe, belike they thought me dead,
And threw me o're the wals: so, or how else,
The Iew is here, and rests at your command.
Caly. 'Twas bruely done: but tell me, *Barabas*,
Canst thou, as thou reportest, make *Malta* ours?
Bar. Feare not, my Lord, for here against the Truce,
The rocke is hollow, and of purpose digg'd,
To make a passage for the running streames
And common channels of the City.
Now whilst you giue assault vnto the wals,
I'le lead 500 souldiers through the Vault,
And rise with them i'th middle of the Towne.

Open the gates for you to enter in,
And by this meanes the City is your owne.
Caly. If this be true, I'le make thee Gouernor.
Iew. And if it be not true, then let me dye.
Caly. Thou'ft doom'd thy ſelfe, aſſault it preſently.
Exeunt.

Alarmes. *Enter Turkes, Barabas, Gouernour, and Knights priſoners.*

Caly. Now vaile your pride you captiue Chriſtians,
And kneele for mercy to your conquering foe:
Now where's the hope you had of haughty *Spaine?*
Ferneze, ſpeake, had it not beene much better
To kept thy promiſe then be thus ſurpriz'd?
Gou. What ſhould I ſay, we are captiues and muſt yeeld.
Caly. I, villains, you muſt yeeld, and vnder Turkiſh yokes
Shall groning beare the burthen of our ire;
And *Barabas*, as erſt we promis'd thee,
For thy deſert we make the Gouernor,
Vſe them at thy diſcretion.
Bar. Thankes, my Lord.
Gou. Oh fatall day to fall into the hands
Of ſuch a Traitor and vnhallowed Iew!
What greater miſery could heauen inflict?
Caly. 'Tis our command: and *Barabas*, we giue
To guard thy perſon, theſe our Ianizaries:
Intreat them well, as we haue vſed thee.
And now, braue Baſhawes, come, wee'll walke about
The ruin'd Towne, and ſee the wracke we made:
Farewell braue Iew, farewell great *Barabas*. *Exeunt.*
Bar. May all good fortune follow *Calymath.*
And now, as entrance to our ſafety,
To priſon with the Gouernour and theſe
Captaines, his conſorts and confederates.
Gou. Oh villaine, Heauen will be reueng'd on thee.
Exeunt.
Bar. Away, no more, let him not trouble me.
Thus haſt thou gotten, by thy policie,

No simple place, no small authority,
I now am Gouernour of *Malta*; true,
But *Malta* hates me, and in hating me
My life's in danger, and what boots it thee
Poore *Barabas*, to be the Gouernour,
When as thy life shall be at their command?
No, *Barabas*, this must be look'd into;
And since by wrong thou got'st Authority,
Maintaine it brauely by firme policy,
At least vnprofitably lose it not:
For he that liueth in Authority,
And neither gets him friends, nor fils his bags,
Liues like the Asse that *Æsope* speaketh of,
That labours with a load of bread and wine,
And leaues it off to snap on Thistle tops:
But *Barabas* will be more circumspect.
Begin betimes, Occasion's bald behind,
Slip not thine oportunity, for feare too late
Thou seek'st for much, but canst not compasse it
Within here.

Enter Gouernor with a guard.

Gou. My Lord?

Bar. I, Lord, thus slaues will learne.
Now Gouernor stand by there, wait within,
This is the reason that I sent for thee;
Thou seest thy life, and *Malta*'s happinesse,
Are at my Arbitrament; and *Barabas*
At his discretion may dispose of both:
Now tell me, Gouernor, and plainely too,
What thinkst thou shall become of it and thee?

Gou. This; *Barabas*, since things are in thy power,
I see no reason but of *Malta*'s wracke,
Nor hope of thee but extreme cruelty,
Nor feare I death, nor will I flatter thee.

Bar. Gouernor, good words, be not so furious;
'Tis not thy life which can auaile me ought,
Yet you doe liue, and liue for me you shall;

And as for *Malta's* ruine, thinke you no:
'Twere slender policy for *Barabas*
To dispossesse himselfe of such a place?
For sith, as once you said, within this Ile
In *Malta* here, that I haue got my goods,
And in this City still haue had successe,
And now at length am growne your Gouernor,
Your selues shall see it shall not be forgot:
For as a friend not knowne, but in distresse,
I'le reare vp *Malta* now remedilesse.
Gou. Will *Barabas* recouer *Malta's* losse?
Will *Barabas* be good to Christians?
Bar. What wilt thou giue me, Gouernor, to procure
A dissolution of the slauish Bands
Wherein the Turke hath yoak'd your land and you?
What will you giue me if I render you
The life of *Calymath*, surprize his men,
And in an out-house of the City shut
His souldiers, till I haue consum'd 'em all with fire?
What will you giue him that procureth this?
Gou. Doe but bring this to passe which thou pretendest,
Deale truly with vs as thou intimatest,
And I will send amongst the Citizens
And by my letters priuately procure
Great summes of mony for thy recompence:
Nay more, doe this, and liue thou Gouernor still.
Bar. Nay, doe thou this, *Ferneze*, and be free;
Gouernor, I enlarge thee, liue with me,
Goe walke about the City, see thy friends:
Tush, send not letters to 'em, goe thy selfe,
And let me see what mony thou canst make;
Here is my hand that I'le set *Malta* free:
And thus we cast it: To a solemne feast
I will inuite young *Selim-Calymath*,
Where be thou present onely to performe
One stratagem that I'le impart to thee,
Wherein no danger shall betide thy life,

And I will warrant *Malta* free for euer.
Gov. Here is my hand, beleeue me, *Barabas*,
I will be there, and doe as thou desirest;
When is the time?
Bar. Gouernor, presently.
For *Calymath*, when he hath view'd the Towne,
Will take his leaue and saile toward, *Ottoman*,
Gov. Then will I, *Barabas*, about this coyne,
And bring it with me to thee in the euening.
Bar. Doe so, but faile not; now farewell *Fernezo*:
And thus farre roundly goes the businesse:
Thus louing neither, will I liue with both,
Making a profit of my policie;
And he from whom my most aduantage comes,
Shall be my friend.
This is the life we Iewes are vs'd to lead;
And reason too, for Christians doe the like:
Well, now about effecting this deuice:
First to surprize great *Selims* souldiers,
And then to make prouision for the feast,
That at one instant all things may be done,
My policie detests preuention:
To what euent my secret purpose driues,
I know; and they shall witnesse with their liues. *Exit*

Enter Calymath, Bashawes.

Caly. Thus haue we view'd the City, seene the sacke,
And caus'd the ruines to be new repair'd,
Which with our Bombards shot and Basiliske,
We rent in sunder at our entry:
And now I see the Scituation,
And how secure this conquer'd Iland stands
Inuiron'd with the mediterranean Sea,
Strong contermin'd with other petty Iles;
And toward *Calabria* back'd by *Sicily*,
Two lofty Turrets that command the Towne:
When *Siracusian Dionisius* reign'd;
I wonder how it could be conquer'd thus?

Enter

Enter a messenger.

Mess. From *Barabas*, *Malta's* Gouernor, I bring
A message vnto mighty *Calymath*;
Hearing his Soueraigne was bound for Sea,
To saile to *Turkey*, to great *Ottamon*,
He humbly would intreat your Maiesty
To come and see his homely Citadell,
And banquet with him e're thou leau'st the Ile.

Caly. To banquet with him in his Citadell,
I feare me, Messenger, to feast my traine
Within a Towne of warre so lately pillag'd,
Will be too costly and too troublesome:
Yet would I gladly visit *Barabas*.
For well has *Barabas* deserv'd of vs.

Mess. Selim, for that, thus saith the Gouernor,
That he hath in store a Pearle so big,
So precious, and withall so orient,
As be it valued but indifferently,
The price thereof will serue to entertaine
Selim and all his souldiers for a month;
Therefore he humbly would intreat your Highnesse
Not to depart till he has feasted you.

Caly. I cannot feast my men in *Malta* wals,
Except he place his Tables in the streets.

Mess. Know, *Selim*, that there is a monastery
Which standeth as an out-house to the Towne;
There will he banquet them, but thee at home,
With all thy *Bashawes* and braue followers.

Caly. Well, tell the Gouernor we grant his suit,
Wee'll in this Summer Euening feast with him.

Mess. I shall, my Lord, *Exit.*

Caly. And now, bold *Bashawes*, let vs to our Tents,
And meditate how we may grace vs best
To solemnize our Gouernors great feast. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gouernor, Knights, Del-bosco.

Gou. In this, my Countrimen, be rul'd by me,
Haue speciall care that no man sally forth

Till

Till you shall heare a Culuerin discharg'd
By him that beares the Linstocke, kindled thus;
Then issue out and come to rescue me,
For happily I shall be in distresse,
Or you released of this seruitude.
1 *Kni.* Rather then thus to liue as Turkish thrals,
What will we not aduenture?
Gou. On then, begone.
Kni. Farewell graue Gouernor.
Enter with a Hammar aboue, very busie.
Bar. How stand the cords? How hang these hinges, fast?
Are all the Cranes and Pulleyes sure?
Serv. All fast.
Bar. Leaue nothing loose, all leueld to my mind.
Why now I see that you haue Art indeed.
There, Carpenters, diuide that gold amongst you:
Goe swill in bowles of Sacke and Muscadine:
Downe to the Celler, taste of all my wines.
Carp. We shall, my Lord, and thanke you: *Exeunt.*
Bar. And if you like them, drinke your fill and dye:
For so I liue, perish may all the world.
Now *Selim-Calymath* returne me word
That thou wilt come, and I am satisfied.
Now sirra, what, will he come?
Enter Messenger.
Mess. He will; and has commanded all his men
To come ashore, and march through *Malta* streets,
That thou maist feast them in thy Citadell.
Bar. Then now are all things as my wish wud haue 'em,
There wanteth nothing but the Gouernors pelfe,
And see he brings it: Now, Gouernor, the summe.
Enter Gouernour.
Gou. With free consent a hundred thousand pounds.
Bar. Pounds saist thou, Gouernor, wel since it is no more
I'le satisfie my selfe with that; nay, keepe it still,
For if I keepe not promise, trust not me.
And Gouernour, now partake my policy:

First for his Army they are sent before,
Enter'd the Monastery, and vnderneath
In seuerall places are field-pieces pitch'd,
Bombards, whole Barrels full of Gunpowder,
That on the sudden shall dissever it,
And batter all the stones about their eares,
Whence none can possibly escape alive:
Now as for *Calymath* and his consorts,
Here haue I made a deinty Gallery,
The floore whereof, this Cable being cut,
Doth fall asunder; so that it doth sinke
Into a deepe pit past recouery.
Here, hold that knife, and when thou seest he comes,
And with his Bashawes shall be blithely set,
A warning-peece shall be shot off from the Tower,
To giue thee knowledge when to cut the cord,
And fire the house; say, will not this be braue?

Gov. Oh excellent! here, hold thee, *Barabas*,
I trust thy word, take what I promis'd thee.

Bar. No, Gouernor, I'le satisfie thee first,
Thou shalt not liue in doubt of any thing.
Stand close, for here they come: why, is not this
A kingly kinde of trade to purchase Townes
By treachery, and sell 'em by deceit?
Now tell me, worldlings, vnderneath the summe,
If greater falshood euer has bin done.

Enter Calymath and Bashawes.

Caly. Come, my Companion-Bashawes, see I pray
How busie *Barrabas* is there aboue
To entertaine vs in his Gallery;
Let vs salute him, Saue thee, *Barabas*.

Bar. Welcome great *Calymath*.

Gov. How the slaue jeeres at him?

Bar. Will't please thee, mighty *Selim-Calymath*,
To ascend our homely stayres?

Caly. I, *Barabas*, come Bashawes, attend.

Gov. Stay, *Calymath*;

For I will shew thee greater curtesie
Then *Barabas* would haue affoorded thee.
Kni. Sound a charge there. } *A charge, the rable cut,*
Cal. How now, what meanes this } *A Caldron discouered.*
Bar. Helpe, helpe me, Christians, helpe.
Gou. See *Calymath*, this was deuis'd for thee.
Caly. Treason, treason Bashawes, flye.
Gou. No, *Selim*, doe not flye;
See his end first, and flye then if thou canst:
Bar. Oh helpe me, *Selim*, helpe me, Christians,
Gouernour, why stand you all so pittileſſe?
Gou. Should I in pitty of thy plaints or thee,
Accurſed *Barabas*; baſe Iew relent:
No, thus I'le ſee thy treachery repaid,
But wiſh thou hadſt behau'd thee otherwiſe.
Bar. You will not helpe me then?
Gou. No, villaine, no.
Bar. And villaines, know you cannot helpe me now.
Then *Barabas* breath forth thy lateſt fate,
And in the fury of thy torments, ſtriue
To end thy life with reſolution:
Know, Gouernor, 'twas I that ſlew thy ſonne;
I fram'd the challenge that did make them meet:
Know, *Calymath*, I aym'd thy ouerthrow,
And had I but eſcap'd this ſtratagem,
I would haue brought confuſion on you all,
Damn'd Chriſtians, dogges, and Turkiſh Infidels;
But now begins the extremity of heat
To pinch me with intolerable pangs:
Dye life, flye ſoule, tongue curſe thy fill and dye:
Caly. Tell me, you Chriſtians, what doth this portend?
Gou. This traine he laid to haue intrap'd thy life:
Now *Selim* note the vnhallowed deeds of Iewes:
Thus he determin'd to haue handled thee,
But I haue rather choſe to ſaue thy life.
Caly. Was this the banquet he prepar'd for vs?
Let's hence, leſt further miſchiefe be pretended.